

UC-NRLF



\$B 167 159

# Songs of Singularity;

by  
S

Y61603.03

# The London Hermit

BERKELEY  
LIBRARY  
UNIVERSITY OF  
CALIFORNIA





4-58  
SBS  
572  
577  
5838

Walter Farber

SONGS OF SINGULARITY.



# SONGS OF SINGULARITY

OR,

*lays for the Eccentric,*

*Parke, W.*

BY THE LONDON HERMIT.

*WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR AND OTHERS*



LONDON :  
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.,  
STATIONERS' HALL COURT.

LONDON :

STEVENS AND RICHARDSON, PRINTERS, 5, GREAT QUEEN STREET,  
LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.

953  
P237  
son

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH THE

PROFOUNDEST RESPECT,

AND THE

MOST COMPLETE IMPARTIALITY,

TO ALL

WHO ARE INTERESTED

IN

ITS CONTENTS.



## P R E F A C E.

---

“**A**ND wherefore ‘The London Hermit?’” it may be asked. “Hermits are out of date in the nineteenth century, and particularly out of place in the world’s most populous city. This thronged and busy metropolis of ours is no locality for the ‘mossgrown cave,’ garnished with hour-glass, skull, and maple dish, and tenanted by the cowled anchorite with his ‘staff and amice grey.’” But though such accessories belong traditionally to the hermitical character, they are not essential to it, and whether or not they exist in the present case is of little consequence. Real seclusion depends far more upon a certain mental attitude and temperament than upon any mere outward circumstances of garb, and time, and place. It is, therefore, as attainable in the centres of life and activity, as

“Far in a wild, remote from public view.”

Indeed, to be in the world, but not of it; to dwell in its midst, but aloof from all its gayer and busier scenes, has

been acknowledged the condition most favourable for true solitude.

• The above remarks, while explaining the designation adopted by the author, will also serve to account for the somewhat isolated and reflective tone often observable in this volume, and the absence of those subjects bearing upon modern society which form the staple of our light literature.

The title of the book itself needs little apology. The “Singularity” of the “Songs” cannot well be disputed ; they are the diversions of solitude, the wild vagaries of the mind in its more mirthful and freakish moods ; their madness slightly controlled by method ; their capricious flights somewhat curbed by the necessities of poetical form. Some are intended to illustrate the triumph of Rhyme over Reason, others the triumph of Reason over Rhyme ; or, in other words, the verbal difficulties, as well as verbal resources, which the English language presents to the diligent versifier. Under this extravagance there is, however, sometimes a serious purpose, and lest

“Laughter holding both his sides”

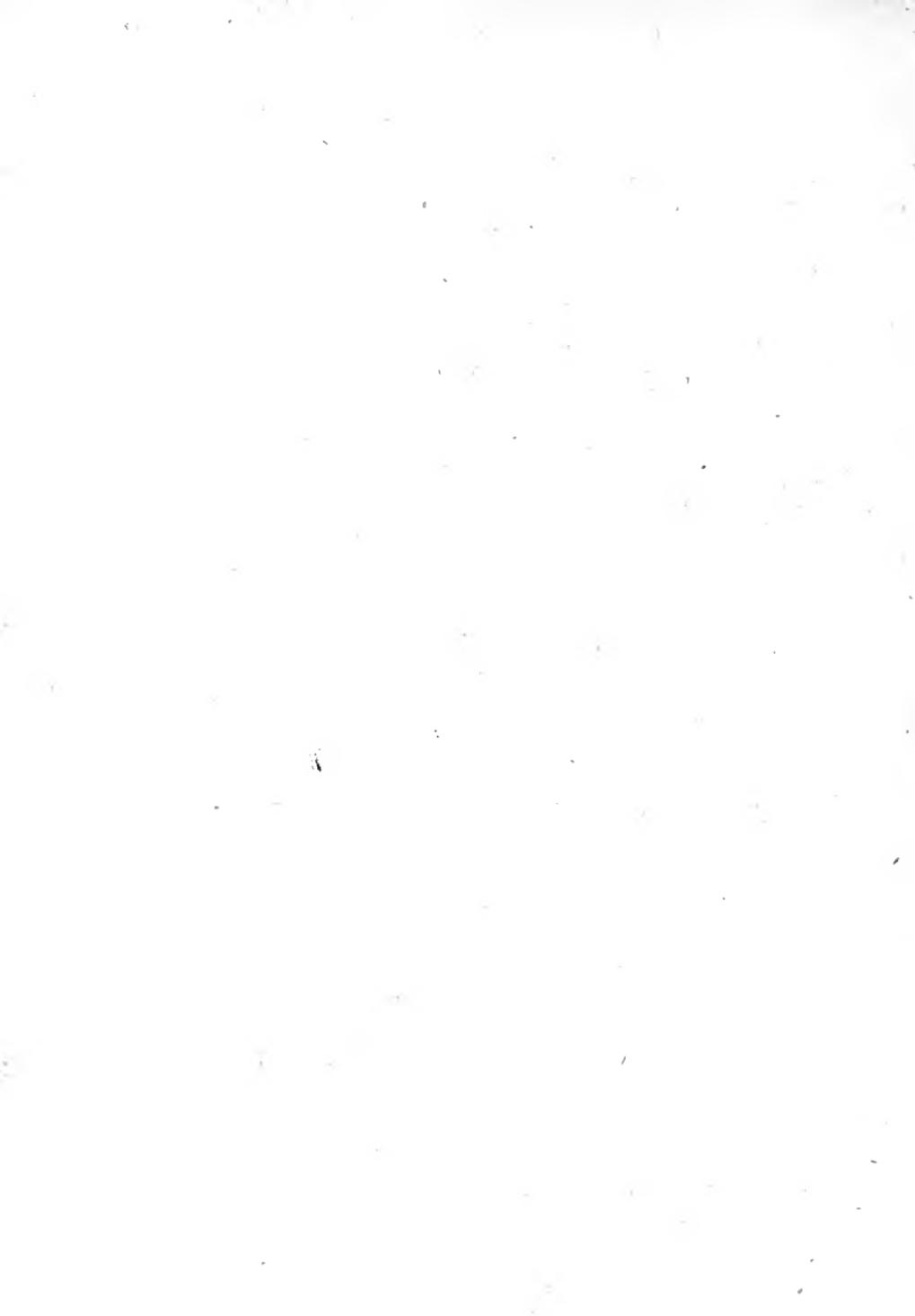
(or even *one* of them) may find that position fatiguing if too long continued, the general whimsicality has been now and then relieved by the outpourings of the writer's more melancholy vein, which, it is to be hoped, will produce upon the reader's mind a sufficiently depressing effect.

Some of these lyrics have already appeared in various periodicals. The book is not, however, a mere random collection of fugitive pieces, the greater part of its contents having been written with the express view of production in the present form; and in arrangement every effort has been made to impart the charm of variety and the force of contrast.

With these pleas in his own defence, the author ventures to hope that any literary judges whose province it may be to try his case will find sufficient extenuating circumstances to mitigate the severity of their sentence.

THE HERMITAGE, LONDON, E.C.,

*November 20, 1874.*



## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
THE CIVILIZATION OF TONGATABOO . . . . .	1
AMANDALINE . . . . .	8
THE MISANTHROPE . . . . .	10
A KNIGHT OF MISERY . . . . .	19
LINES TO A CROCODILE . . . . .	20
MORN IN SPRING . . . . .	24
THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE . . . . .	26
THE POET'S REASON FOR HIS MANNER OF WRITING . . . . .	29
THE HAVEN OF LIFE'S AUTUMN . . . . .	30
SONG OF THE EASTERN TOURIST . . . . .	32
A LAMENT FOR DEPARTED GREATNESS . . . . .	35
A STEREOTYPED PRESCRIPTION . . . . .	38
THE TIGHT FIT . . . . .	41
TANGLED THOUGHTS . . . . .	47
A SUDDEN SOUND . . . . .	49
A VISION OF TERROR . . . . .	50
MY MADELINE . . . . .	53
THE LONG GONG SONG; OR, THE PERSISTENT MINSTREL . . . . .	55
BICYCULAR BLISS . . . . .	57
A FASCINATING MONSTER . . . . .	59
THE ABBEY CHAPEL . . . . .	64
THE YOUNG GAZELLE . . . . .	68
THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT'S LAMENT . . . . .	74
BOTANICAL RESEARCHES . . . . .	76

THE KNIGHT'S RETURN . . . . .	87
BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES . . . . .	91
SOLITUDE . . . . .	93
DOING AS WE CAN . . . . .	94
CORYDAMON AND EMMELINDA: A PATHETIC PASTORAL . . . . .	97
THE MANIAC'S LAST . . . . .	107
THE TRIUMPH OF HARMONY . . . . .	108
YE LEGENDE OF SIR GULLYVERE; OR, OF CORAGE . . . . .	110
ODE ON OCEAN . . . . .	113
SPOONIANA . . . . .	114
NIGHT AND MORNING . . . . .	115
A MODERN CRICTON; AND FRIENDSHIP'S LAMENT FOR HIS LOSS . . . . .	118
THE LOVELESS BARD . . . . .	125
THE WILD WARRIOR . . . . .	128
A MORNING SKETCH . . . . .	131
POWER WITHOUT ENERGY . . . . .	135
YE CLERKE OF YE WETHERE . . . . .	136
FUROR POETICUS; OR, THE BARD SURCHARGED . . . . .	137
AN EVENING VISION . . . . .	139
A VAGUE STORY . . . . .	143
THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT . . . . .	145
PARANA . . . . .	148
THE UNPRINTED ONE: A WAIL OF TEARS . . . . .	149
A REFLECTION . . . . .	152
A BLIGHTED LIFE . . . . .	153
NURSERY NONSENSE . . . . .	156
A PHONETIC PROTEST . . . . .	159
A BLANK PAGE . . . . .	162
THE PRIMA DONNA'S DREAM . . . . .	163

# SONGS OF SINGULARITY.

## THE CIVILIZATION OF TONGATABOO.

### *A LAY OF PROGRESS.*

"Improved off the face of the earth."—*Popular Expression.*



KING JUNGAREEGOO,  
Of Tongataboo,  
Was a terrible savage, just six  
feet two,  
Who ne'er wore a coat, nor a  
vest, nor a shoe ;  
His garments, in fact, were re-  
markably few,  
Consisting of feathers, and fibres  
run through  
The bones of the foes that in battle he slew.

(And some of the latter were toothsome to chew),  
But during his wars he had found time to woo  
Queen Wongaree-Wang, from the isles of Pe-loo,  
A lady adorned with the brightest tattoo,  
Of mauve and of yellow, of crimson and blue,  
And she loved him as savage wives only can do.

King Jungaree's island was charming to view ;  
The plantain and yam in luxuriance grew,  
The delicate palm and the slender bamboo ;  
To thread the dense forests required a clue,  
The animals found were the horn'd cariboo,  
The hardy wild-pig, and the bison-like gnu,  
And a species of miniature kangaroo ;  
While over the island the sea-gull flew,  
The albatross, petrel, and snipe, and curlew,  
The talkative parrot and loud cockatoo  
(Whereof there are specimens now in the "Zoo").

King Jungaree's subjects were savages true,  
Tall, black, and athletic in sinew and thew ;  
They wielded the hatchet, and hurled up the boo-  
-merang at the birds that were good in a stew,  
And chased the wild porker with whoop and halloo ;

(The national dish was a prime barbecue ;)  
For favours they were not accustomed to sue,  
Each paddled his own independent canoe.

Whilom it perchanced that the good ship *Pegu*  
(From Liverpool sailing, and bound for Loo-choo)  
Was caught in a storm that so fearfully blew,  
It threatened each moment her life to undo,  
Till, torn and dismasted, the wild billows threw  
Her on to the isle of King Jungareegoo.

The natives immediately came to rescue,  
Give shelter and food to the perishing crew,  
Who wondered where fate had conducted them to.

The sailors, enraptured, the island survey ;—  
'Twas lovely as Eden, and rich as Peru,  
Its splendour and verdure would more than outdo  
The tropical part of the gardens at Kew ;—  
Till, having explored every nook and purlicu,  
They cried, "Just the place, Jack, for me and for you;  
We're here, and we 'll stick to the island like glue !"

They stayed ; and, dear me! what a change did ensue!  
They taught to the natives all arts that they knew,  
And gave them to civilization the cue ;  
The zealous ship's chaplain, Aminadab Drew,



Exhorted the Pagans their creed to eschew,  
And built a large chapel with plenty of pew,  
Wherin he could guide, and with virtue  
imbue  
Their moral perceptions,—so sadly askew.

The nation, thus tutored, began life anew :  
They started a *Times*, and a *Weekly Review*,  
A School Board, a Church—which the State  
did endue,  
A Bank, and a Mint, and a Royal revenue,  
A National Debt, and a Parliament too.

The body as well as the mind they transmew ;  
Coat, trousers, and vest superseded tattoo ;  
The ladies wore *chignon*, and skirt, and *fichu*,  
And all the last *modes* of the *Boul'vard* and *Rue* ;  
They played and *croquée'd*, sang and painted and drew,  
Danced, practised deportment, and French “parley-voo,”  
And slandered each other o'er cups of *Congou*.  
In short, the old customs gave way to the new  
So very completely, that difference of hue  
Alone marked the natives of *Tongataboo*.

But ah ! to all blessings will evil accrue !  
The Tongataboolians had reason to rue  
*Some* imports received *per* the good ship *Pegu* ;  
A host of diseases—small-pox and ague,  
Consumption, bronchitis, and tic-doloreux—  
Played havoc among them ; still more, *entre nous*,  
Gin, brandy, and rum, and “ Ben Nevis’s dew,”  
Sent thousands of blacks down Death’s dark avenue :  
And as the destroyer will never “ koo-too ”  
To prince any more than to mere *parvenu*,  
Queen Wongaree-Wang and King Jungareegoo  
Were soon as defunct as old Brian Boru.

Thus dwindled the nation—grew few and more few,  
No power its vigour and life could renew,  
Until the last native—called Pallee-ga-too,  
Distinguished for Latin, and Greek, and Hebrew,  
As learned, in fact, as a Hindoo Baboo—  
Succumbed of exhaustion when just thirty-two.

And now all the natives lie under the yew,  
While Briton and Yankee, Hibernian and Jew,  
Have settled themselves on the isle in their lieu,  
And prosperously their existence pursue,

On Jungaree's palace they've planted the Union Jack, and appointed a governor, who Is twentieth cousin to Lord Nozoo.

No more in the woods roams the grim Wanderoo  
(An animal mentioned by Monsieur Chaillu,  
I think, in his "Travels in Eastern Bornou");  
No more the wild pig and the bison-like gnu  
Kick up in the forest their hullabaloo;  
But now there 's the cat, with his civilized mew,  
The Alderney cow, with her mellow "moohoo,"  
The dog and the equines, from racer to "screw,"  
And, 'stead of the parrot and harsh cockatoo,  
The tender tame pigeons do dulcetly coo,  
And bright Chanticleer sounds his loud "doodle-doo!"

#### MORAL.

Thus, sure as the game of Unlimited Loo,  
Does civilization the savage subdue;  
His chance of existence is not worth a sou;  
He fades like the shades that to Hades withdrew,  
And when it 's no longer "*il est*" but "*il fut*,"  
The funeral wreaths o'er his tombstone we strew,

And give to his ashes the tear that is due.  
Such is the moral of Tongataboo.  
So, having exhausted the endings in U,  
I bid thee, good reader, a courteous *adieu*.



## A M A N D A L I N E.

*A RABID LOVE-SONG.*

"These are the charming agonies of love."—THOMSON.



Oh! are there words sufficient to describe her?

Amandaline!

Will Castal's fount enable the imbib'er

To sing my Queen?

A thousand Cupids live within her glances,

Three thousand Graces foot it when she  
dances,

Amandaline!

## II.

Oh! dare I hope to be thy chosen lover?

Amandaline!

Would that my heart, by tearing off the cover,

By thee were seen!

I dream of thee at night, and when I 'm waking ;  
Thou haunt'st me even while my meals I 'm taking,  
Amandaline !

## III.

Thine eyes are brighter than a million planets,  
Amandaline !  
Thy breast is whiter than the swan's or gannet's ;  
Thy voice and mien  
Fill me with raging fervour so ecstatic,  
I writhe as one convulsed with pains rheumatic,  
Amandaline !

## IV.

Oh ! in this doubt no longer let me languish,  
Amandaline !  
My bosom is combustible with anguish—  
A magazine  
Of Love's own gunpowder ; and thou wilt lose me,  
EXPLOSIVELY, unless thy heart will choose me—  
Amandaline !

## THE MISANTHROPE.

"Man delights me not, nor woman either."—HAMLET.



OCUS it eastward, keep it still,  
 And through that patent telescope  
 You'll spy a house upon the hill :  
 There dwells a misanthrope.

He hates mankind to that extent,  
 He holds the world so deep in  
 scorn,  
 The wrong he fiercest does resent  
 Is being human-born.

"Oh ! would I were a bird," he cries,

"A lobster, or a chimpanzee,

Or one amongst the butterflies,

'Twere better far for me !"

And so,—though from a different cause,

Like those who Fashion's follies ape—

He violates all Reason's laws,

To hide his human shape.

Sometimes he's scalèd like a fish,  
And sometimes feather'd like a bird ;  
His aspect would be devilish,  
If it were not absurd.

He dwells alone, shuns human aid,  
Lights his own fire, and bakes his bread ;  
Makes his own tea and lemonade,  
Clothes, "bacca," boots, and bed.

Money he scorns as dross most vile,  
Polluted oft by human touch ;  
And living in that Crusoe-style,  
Of course, don't cost him much.

If ever 'tis his chance to meet  
A man that near his house may roam,  
It turns him sick, he cannot eat  
His meals when he gets home.

And if he meets a woman—oh !  
How furious then becomes his craze !  
He yells with horror, groans with woe,  
It lays him up for days.

Nay, if he meets the smallest child  
That ever learnt to run alone,  
His hair uprears, his eyes grow wild,  
It chills him to the bone.

And yet this being, though so strange,  
So alien from the beaten track,  
So meteor-like in mental range,  
Is not a maniac.

Talk to him (if you get a chance),  
And quickly, reader, you will find,  
He'll prove in every utterance  
The vastness of his mind.

He'll speak of all things old and new,  
With boundless knowledge, force, and truth,  
Showing he must have travelled through  
Some libraries in youth.

But when of human kind he speaks,  
His soul seems turned to raging flames ;  
He vents reproach in piercing shrieks,  
And calls them dreadful names.

Once when opinions I exprest  
In favour of our mortal race,  
He would not stay to hear the rest,  
But drove me from the place.



“ My hate,” he said, “ is all I’ll give  
To men, nor need they even boast  
Of that ; for, of all things that live,  
I hate myself the most ! ”

There ne’er has been a misanthrope  
More fierce than that one on the hill ;  
And most devoutly do I hope  
There never, never will.

How came he thus ? what made him so ?  
Pity and interest may ask ;  
Who can unfold his tale of woe ?  
Be mine the tearful task.

From birth a blight was on his fate ;  
Nay, life was blighted ere begun :  
His ancestors, I blush to state,  
Were lawyers, every one.

Misfortune marked him from a “ kid ; ”  
His master’s cane oft made him smart ;  
To sit up late he was forbid,  
Or eat too much plum-tart.

Ambition grew as grew his mind,  
But o'er him still the cloud loomed dark ;  
On quitting school he was designed  
To be a lawyer's clerk.

But from the high-stooled desk he shrank.  
"It is not this I'm fitted for,"  
He said ; "but some much higher rank,  
Such as Lord Chancellor!"

He wrote, applying for that post,  
But (this will scarcely be believed)  
A short refusal, at the most,  
Was all that he received.

And next, imbued with martial fire,  
He donned the warrior's coat of red ;  
"To be Field-Marshal I aspire,  
Like Wellington," he said.

Also his tastes grew nautical ;  
He went to sea : "At least, I think,"  
Mused he, "they 'll make me Admiral—  
Rear-Admiral of the Pink."

But, ah ! he failed in either case,  
And never rose to half the height ;  
For others got the foremost place,  
And held it very tight.

He turned to Art, and did produce  
A picture twenty feet by twelve ;  
But paltry hangers said, “ No use !  
*This* we shall have to shelve.”

He wrote a Middle Age romance,  
And for it asked five hundred pounds ;  
But publishers refused the chance,  
Upon commercial grounds.

“ And this they call a happy world ! ”  
He cried. “ Though little I expect,  
Ingratitude on me is hurled,  
Injustice and neglect.”

And then, to make the worse more bad,  
Impelled by that sweet mania, love,  
He married—flew from ills he had  
To those he knew not of.\*

\* We were never struck with the rhyming affinity between the words *love* and *of*, until certain eminent contemporary poets made that brilliant discovery. In order to obtain the full benefit of it, *of* should be pronounced *uv*.

But soon he found that wedded life  
Could not unmixed bliss afford,  
For the behaviour of his wife  
Displeased her loving lord.

Firmly (he deemed it far from right)  
Did she refuse to black his boots,  
To sit up for him late each night,  
Or make his tourist-suits.

“Thus,” murmured he, “do swine use pearls ;  
I should have married a princess,  
Or ‘daughter of a hundred earls,’  
Or duchess—nothing less !”

He once had friends, but when they said,  
“You overrate your consequence ;  
Expect too much !”—he cut them dead,  
It gave him such offence.

He placed some hundreds in a bank,  
Though warned the “spec” was not the best ;  
It failed, and actually sank  
*His* money with the rest.

He plunged extensively in trade,  
But gave it up in discontent,  
So small the profits that he made,  
Scarce thirty-five per cent.

Canst wonder that his heart was seared ?  
That bitterness consumed his soul ?  
And that to him mankind appeared  
Disgusting, on the whole ?

“ Ungrateful world ! from thee I’ll fly,”  
He cried in misanthropic rage ;  
“ And hid from man’s detested eye,  
I’ll fix my hermitage ! ”

So there he drags his blighted days,  
With woe in heart, and scowl on brow,  
And all those most eccentric ways  
Whereof I’ve told you now.

No, ne’er was there a misanthrope  
More strange than that one on the hill ;  
And most devoutly do I hope  
There never, never will !

## A KNIGHT OF MISERY.



HY was he sad ? that noble knight,  
 Why seem'd he ill at ease ?  
 Such dazzling throngs, such scenes of  
 light,  
 Could scarcely fail to please.  
 With lordly step he trod the stage,  
 Each action gained applause,  
 The audience proved him "quite the rage;"  
 What *was* the hidden cause  
 That thus disturbed his mental rest ?  
 Oh ! reader, I implore,  
 Lock, lock the secret in your breast,  
 'Twas ne'er revealed before.  
 Know, then, that when that touching scene  
 Had reach'd it's tenderest pitch,  
 When all was pathos, calm, serene,  
*His nose began to itch.*  
 'Twas sad, but so it came to pass,  
 The knight might chafe and frown,  
 But could not reach it, for, alas !  
*He wore his vizor down.*

## LINES TO A CROCODILE.

ADDRESSED FROM A RESPECTFUL DISTANCE.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."—*Bard of Hope*.

O CROCODILE !

Rousing on the mud-bed of the Nile,  
 How bright the sun upon thine armour glints,  
 Lending thy scales a thousand rainbow tints

How graceful are the movements of thy tail !  
What strength's embodied in thy coat of mail !  
What lines of beauty in thy shape combine !  
(More so, I fear, than any *lines* of mine).  
In fancy let me gaze on thee awhile,  
Thou brilliant Crocodile !

O Crocodile !  
Let others call thee vile,  
A horrid monster with devouring maw ;  
Thine aspect in the flesh I never saw.  
Thou art the dread of travellers and blacks,  
But here at home, quite safe from thy attacks,  
I at my ease thy merits can espy,  
With fearless calmness and unbiassed eye,  
And even greet thee with a friendly smile,  
O gentle Crocodile !

Yet, Crocodile,  
Thou master of all treachery and wile ;  
As copious as Niobe's thy tears,  
As sad thy wails, which, reaching to his ears,  
Some poor unwary nigger, young and fat,  
Draws near to aid, he thinks, some drowning brat,

Then out thou fliest, and grabbest at his feet,  
And in a trice he's munched to sausage-meat.  
How can'st thou be so full of greed and guile,  
Remorseless Crocodile !

Now, Crocodile !  
After thy meal thou liest immobile,  
Seeking at once digestion and repose,  
Whilst on thy form the tropic noon-day glows ;  
Thou art as gently still, as sweetly calm,  
As the scarce-waving' leafage of the palm ;  
Thou liest log-like, and thy spirit seems  
Deep sunk in blissful philosophic dreams.  
An owlish wisdom's in thy blinking eyes ;  
What art thou thinking of, O monster wise ?  
Perchance thou know'st the sources of the Nile,  
O sapient Crocodile !

O Crocodile !  
In days of old a massive regal pile,  
Pharáoh's palace, stood where thou art lying ;  
Around was seen the sacred Ibis flying,  
While priests and princes, in the pomp of state,  
Entered and issued from the monarch's gate ;  
And o'er the landscape—viewed with awe, methinks—

Frowned the gigantic image of the Sphinx ;  
And later on, in Egypt's proudest hour,  
That ruler great by Beauty's despotic power,  
The Kleopatra, glode o'er Nilus' breast  
In golden galley, past thy place of rest ;  
To sights of thee, upon thy native waste,  
The fable of the dragon can be traced ;  
Yet he, with all his mighty reach of claw,  
His whale-like size, and crushing strength of jaw,  
Was scarce more terrible an animile  
Than thou, O Crocodile !

Yes, Crocodile !  
I am too old a file  
To journey where Egyptian sunlights blaze,  
And on thy beauties *personally* gaze ;  
I would not venture to the sunny South,  
Within the range of thy well-furnished mouth ;  
No ! I prefer between us to protect  
That distance so conducive to respect.  
When late a friend of mine, a traveller bold,  
Of Bakeresque or Livingstonian mould,  
Asked; "Will you take a trip upon the Nile ?"  
I said—" NOT YET AWHILE ! "

## MORN IN SPRING.

BY AN OUT-PATIENT OF HANWELL.\*

"A mad world, my masters!"—*Middleton.*

RIGHTLY and sweetly the thunderbolt  
 rolling,  
 Spreads o'er the meadows the heat of the  
 sun ;  
 The lambs, on the green smiling earth cara-  
 coling,  
 Rejoice o'er the deeds that their parents  
 have done.

The daisies are out, and the skylark soars near them,  
 And pecks at the blossoms that cover the thorn ;  
 The raven and crane—oh ! what mortal can hear them,  
 And *still* say, " Mankind was created to mourn "?

\* Slowly recovering.

The owl, 'mid the leaves of the gay pelargonium,  
Pours forth to the woodlands his dulcetest lay ;  
The chough and the crow imitate the harmonium,  
Proclaiming that *now* 'tis their opening day.

Afar in the distance the tempest is howling,  
But near there is nothing but calmness and light ;  
The wolf, on the edge of the precipice growling,  
Feels hope in his bosom rise blissful and bright.

What poet can gaze on yon cluster of pansies,  
That pimple like day-stars the face of the sky,  
Nor feel that, entranced by such beautiful fancies,  
'Tis joyful to live, and ecstatic to die ?

And yet there are those to whom Nature's pure pleasures  
Are flat as this beer which the potman has brought :  
But let *us* enjoy life's ethereal treasures,  
And pick out the plums from the Pudding of Thought !

## THE TRIUMPH OF NATURE.

"Beauty when unadorned, adorned the most."

"**H**E loves me not," she sighing said;  
 "He cannot say I am not kind;  
 It must be that my hue of head  
 Is not exactly to his mind;  
 It must be that my skin's too fair,  
 My eyes of too insipid blue,  
 And that he don't like hazel hair;  
 And so, to prove I'm fond and true,  
 Let art my poor defects supply,  
 For his dear sake I've sworn to DYE!"

She did; she soaked her tresses  
 brown  
 In patent fluid black as jet,  
 To candle-straightness smoothed  
 them down,  
 And stained herself a deep  
 brunette;  
 Her eyes with *henna* round the lids  
 In Oriental langour drooped;



Her dress, as taste or “keeping” bids,  
 Was dark and rich, and widely hooped;  
 And yet he past indifferent by.  
 She wept: “*For him once more I'll dye!*”



This time she aimed at being  
 blonde  
 As any Saxon dame of old;  
 She powdered, rouged, her hair,  
 too, donned  
 Thesheen of Auricomous gold;  
 She curled it to the very roots,  
 Most dazzling to the raptured  
 sight;  
 And dressed herself, from hat to boots,  
 In heavenly blue and angel white!  
 Yet he with coldness turned aside,  
 Though twice for him this maid had dyed.

In wild despair she rushed away,  
 And doffed her artificial charms;  
 And when he came again next day,  
 He took her fondly to his arms.

With trembling joy and fond reproof,  
Her tale she told, her grief expressed ;  
He said, " For this I kept aloof,—  
I like thy natural aspect best ;  
No change so charms my heart and eye,  
And so with thee I'll live and die ! "



THE POET'S REASON FOR HIS MANNER OF  
WRITING.

**H**IS strange, the flighty vapours of my brain  
Will flow to rhymes that fall as thick as rain,  
And melt to metres that as freely flow  
As Alpine streams enriched by thawing snow;  
But when, for theme sublime, or purpose high,  
I seek in rhythmic bonds my thoughts to tie,  
Full soon they fly beyond their tether's length;  
To rule them is as far beyond my strength  
As were the task to guide the raging storm,  
To curb the winds, or give to Chaos form.

## THE HAVEN OF LIFE'S AUTUMN.

" Four seasons fill the measure of the year :  
There are four seasons in the mind of man."—KEATS.



ERE is an island haven all may  
reach ;  
It smiles securely and serenely  
free,  
Too gentle to defy the restless  
sea,  
That frets and threatens on its  
silver beach.

Flower-gemm'd and verdant are its calm retreats,  
Lit by a sunshine bright, and sweet, and warm,  
But never marr'd by fiercer solar heats,  
Nor by the murky terrors of the storm :  
Perpetual there autumnal brightness glows,  
Inviting to calm joy and soft repose.

O Voyager of Life ! whate'er thy bark  
Or course, if thou hast known our common lot,  
If Fate hath meted thee her standard measure,  
Of toil and rest, deep care and transient pleasure,  
Of gentle gales and tempests fierce and dark,  
And wrecks too closely 'scaped to be forgot,—  
Yet, thus far safely o'er life's ocean borne,  
Be thankful, nor regret the vanished morn.  
Rest in this haven ; if no rising sun  
Gild it with beams of youthful joy and hope,  
Its sunset is a bright and glorious one.  
Enjoy thy due repose with fullest scope,  
Yielding thy aid and counsel to the last  
To younger mariners, with whom the strife  
Of ocean perils is but stayed, not passed.  
Thus be thy restward path profusely decked  
With peace, contentment, and sweet retrospect  
Crowning the autumn of a well-spent life.

## SONG OF THE EASTERN TOURIST.

“Luxurious slave  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the *heaving* wave.”—BYRON.



O-MORROW I'm off to that Orient  
clime,  
Where all is romantic, unique, and  
sublime ;  
Where they “melt into sorrow, or  
madden to crime,”  
According to how they may feel at  
the time ;  
Where “the voice of the nightin-  
gale never is mute,”  
And nothing's so cheap as “the  
fairest of fruit ?”

Where tobacco is splendid, and little of cost,  
And none of its charm in the smoking is lost ;  
While the curling Chibouque can yield solace to man,  
Or the fragrant Narghilly of distant Iran.

Though my name is but Jones, and I'm no Oriental,  
In spirit I'm Eastern—at heart, sentimental ;

So I'll doff this tweed suit, and this wideawake hat,  
And don the grand turban, robes, sash, and all that ;  
And girding on scimitar, pistols, and dirk,  
Come out at Stamboul as "a regular Turk ;"  
To set both the natives and visitors staring  
At my splendid costume and my pasha-like bearing.

O lovely Stamboul ! with thy glittering mosques,  
Thy fountains and minarets, khans, and kiosks,  
Thy streets and bazaars, where in picturesque groups,  
Swarm Greeks, Arabs, Pashas, and Ottoman troops,  
Dark beauties, whose veils mock the infidel's stare,  
Zuleika and Leila, Dudú and Gulnare,  
Shall I really behold thee?—What heavenly bliss !  
I've longed all my life for a pleasure like this.  
Oh ! am I not happy ? I——stop, if I look ;  
There's a similar sentence in Moore's "Lalla Rookh ;"  
And, Jones, if you wish to succeed as a poet,  
Don't plagiarise—leastways let nobody know it.

My bark has weighed anchor, her sails court the breeze  
That's destined to waft her across the wide seas  
(Which means, when translated to plain sober prose,  
We've just got the steam up, and cried, "Off she goes !")

As I stand on the deck of the P. & O. packet,  
Surrounded by noise, and confusion, and racket,  
The winds are arising, and lashing to foam  
The waves of the Channel that bear us from home.  
How grand is the ocean !—what fervour of zeal  
It wakes in the—bless me how strangely I feel !  
My head is beginning to spin like a wheel,  
I 'm going to be sea-sick ! Oh, Jones, what a fool  
Wert thou to embark on this trip to Stamboul  
In weather like this ! But, my heart, be thou brave !  
Did Selim or Conrad thus fear the wild wave ?  
Yet away with Byronics ; they 're all very fine  
On shore, when all things to enhance them combine ;  
But now I am humbly compelled to confess  
That city-bred Jones, in his present distress,  
Has little in common with heroes like these.  
Here, steward ! some brandy, and quick, if you please.  
I 'm in *such* a state that I really must lie  
Down here till I feel rather better—good-bye !

## A LAMENT FOR DEPARTED GREATNESS.

BY YE BARDE OF KENTYSSHE TOWNE.

"What a falling off was there."—*Hamlet*.

ARK ye that wanderer 'midst the busy crowd,  
 Whose aspect speaks of poverty and cares ;  
 His hair is grey, his aged frame is bowed  
 Beneath the heavy burden that he bears.  
 He is a remnant of a mighty race,  
 Who wielded wide dominion long ago ;  
 But now his nation hath no resting-place,  
 He wanders through the streets, and—cries  
 " Ole clo'."

Observe yon churl, a man of stalwart build :  
 His sires, perchance, were Saxon thralls  
 of old—

Stern, brave, determined vassals, such as filled  
 The armies of their thanes and franklins bold.

Such men have followed Alfred to the field,  
Or to King Harold vowed each sword and heart ;  
But this descendant doth no weapon wield,  
He only—drives a costermonger's cart.

Lo ! the poor minstrel ; there was once a time  
When his progenitors, in mighty Rome,  
Their sword of power stretched from clime to clime—  
The “mistress of the world” their central home.  
Their all-pervading yoke was fettered fast  
On this our isle—or history speaks false ;  
Now Britain reigns, and this poor lone outcast  
Strays thro' her streets, and—grinds the latest waltz.

See yon Teutonic waif : in days of yore,  
His Allemanian sires were mighty men,  
Who chased the savage bear, the wolf, and boar  
Through pathless woods now vanished from our ken.  
The conquerors of the world they set at nought,  
They fought for freedom—scorned the alien yoke ;  
Now their descendant—melancholy thought !—  
Lives but by—mending windows that are broke.

Thus may we see, where'er we turn our eyes,  
Some poor lone waifs, some emblems of decay,

Of races that once swayed earth's destinies,  
But all whose glory now has passed away.  
Thus I your bard, who in old Roman days,  
In tones inspired to classic crowds would speak,  
Clad in majestic robes and crowned with bays,  
Am now—a clerk, at eighteen bob a-week !

## A STEREOTYPED PRESCRIPTION.

"Mingle, mingle, mingle!"—SHAKESPEARE.



HERE is a phrase we oft have seen  
On bottle-labels writ,  
And those who invalids have been  
Best know the drift of it;  
It may embody in a line  
A world of chemic lore,  
And skill to portion and combine—  
"The mixture as before."

This will apply to many things,  
To oratory most,  
Addresses made to queens and kings,  
And wedding speech and toast;  
For commonplace and compliment  
Are mingled o'er and o'er;  
*This* saves the trouble to invent—  
"The mixture as before."

In plays and novels, do there not  
The same events recur?  
The lovers suffer, villains plot,  
The weak are led to err.  
In painting, poor King Harold's slain  
In many a pool of gore;  
Queen Mary parts with us again—  
“*The mixture as before.*”

The greatest genius will repeat,  
Though vast resource it owns;  
Our very Shakespeare's woodnotes sweet  
Oft sound like monotones.  
That most prolific child of art,  
By some called “Gustayve Dor’,”  
Oft to the canvas doth impart—  
“*The mixture as before.*”

The more we see, the less we hope  
That novelty will strike,  
But judge, from that within our scope,  
What all the rest is like.  
Each region sameness more or less  
Unfolds as we explore,

And sameness leads to weariness—  
That “*mixture as before.*”

It must be so : the human mind  
Is straitly compassed round,  
And what materials it can find  
All lie within the bound.  
Why, Man’s a mixture—blended clay,  
With spirit formed to soar :  
Of each new infant we may say—  
“ *The mixture as before!*”

## THE TIGHT FIT.

*A REMINISCENCE OF SIR WALTER.**“And still his brows the helmet pressed.”—*Lay of the Last Minstrel.**

W  
ENE'ER in boyhood's golden day,  
I read the latest Minstrel's Lay,  
And revelled in its sweet romance,  
So meet the youthful to entrance,  
Of wizards, ladies, knights, and  
pages,  
That flourished in the feudal ages;  
Of feasts in old baronial halls,  
And fights on rugged castle walls;  
And stirring scenes on moss and fell,  
All told as only Scott can tell;  
The line I quote below impressed  
My feelings more than all the rest—  
“And still his brows the helmet pressed.”

These words, you recollect, refer  
Unto a warlike moss-troopér,\*  
An aged, though a stalwart man,  
The chieftain of a border clan,  
A “kinsman to the bold Buccleuch,”  
A stark marauder through and through ;  
Who now, grown old, one might suppose  
Would leave off mail for softer clothes.  
Not he ; with valour still possessed,  
In age, as youth, “he spurned at rest,  
And still his brows the helmet pressed.”

Gra’mercy ! only meditate  
Upon that veteran’s dreadful fate !  
Talk not to me of worldly care ;  
Just fancy being doomed to wear  
A ponderous helmet day and night ;  
Moreover, one a size too tight !  
The very thought at once doth make  
My own unwarlike *caput* ache,

\* This poetical license with regard to the accent has been so frequently used by latter-day bards, that we think ourselves justified in adopting it.

As if 'twas *I* that bore the test,  
And on *my* brows the helmet pressed.

Why pinched that casque? Methinks I'll tell,—  
Perchance in youth it fitted well;  
For then his head, not over wise,  
Was rather of a smallish size;  
But gathering wisdom as it went,  
As snowballs grow when rolling sent,  
His skull, expanding more and more,  
Filled up the helmet that he wore,  
While that unyielding iron frame  
In measure still remained the same,  
Until the roofage of his brain  
He never could get off again,  
And he discovered when too late,  
That this must always be his state,—  
That, went he east, or went he west,  
Did he his worst, or did his best,  
Yet still his brows the helmet pressed.

No skullcap soft, no tarbouche red,  
So grateful to the aged head;  
No snowy nightcap gave relief  
To the vexed cranium of that chief;

Not e'en the modern "stove-pipe" hat  
(Few things less comforting than that)  
Could form a substitute awhile  
For that uncompromising tile;  
But, summer, winter, hot or cold,  
The self-same head-gear you'd behold;  
His pate was ne'er in mufti dressed,  
With warlike helm 'twas ever pressed.

When wanting polishing, he must  
Have "cleaned it on," from dirt and rust,  
In that rough mode which often suits  
Us hurried moderns with our boots.  
I doubt not, after such a task,  
It looked a bright and handsome casque;  
But outward aspects so deceive;  
Within, no process could relieve,  
And that strong helmet still would be  
An iron "Old Man of the Sea"—  
A tight, oppressive, leech-like pest,  
Upon his brows for ever pressed.

No doubt his comrades deeply felt  
Compassion for that valiant Celt;

But vain they tried to thwart the doom  
That o'er his life had cast a gloom.  
The helmet being of a piece,  
Wrought strongly, there was no release;  
A thundering blow from axe or mace  
Might have detached it from its place,  
But such a blow, his friends well knew,  
Would kill the aged warrior too,  
And prove, by entering the brain,  
A cure more deadly than the pain.  
Well, truly, had his case been mine,  
At death I'd list not or repine.  
I know 'tis said that custom oft  
Can make the hardest fate more soft;  
That proverb's truth is not impeached,  
But here, I think, the limit's reached.  
Could laughter spring from any jest,  
Could meals be ta'en with any zest,  
Could life have any joy possessed  
To one whose brows a helmet pressed ?

What after fate that chief befell,  
I frankly own I cannot tell;

Whether he died on battle plain,  
Or 'neath the sheet and counterpane,  
Or did by base assassin's knife  
Make exit from the stage of life ;  
But in my soul's remotest deep  
Will pity's lamp for ever keep  
Some rays to reach, as they are shed,  
The Man of the Imprisoned Head.  
But as he was to me unknown,  
And as three centuries have flown,  
Perhaps 'tis useless to deplore  
His sad condition any more.  
I only hope that long ago  
His spirit hath forgot its woe,  
And that his body lies at rest,  
Though on its skull that helmet's pressed.

## TANGLED THOUGHTS.

BY AN INMATE OF COLNEY HATCH.\*

"Full of sound and fury, signifying——."—SHAKESPEARE.



OFTEN think — the  
strangest whim  
That ever came  
With settled aim  
To dwell within a mortal's  
head—  
How nice 'twould be if I  
could swim  
From Table Bay  
To Mandalay,  
And see the mighty Hippo-  
campus fed !

It seems to me the queerest thing  
That in the East  
A monarch's feast

\* Hopelessly incurable.

Is never quite complete without a psalm ;  
Yet when the Persians serenade their king,  
    And set in tune  
    The loud bassoon,  
They find him sleeping underneath a palm.

I've travell'd twenty-nine degrees  
    Of longitude  
    With interlude  
Of rest, and eating strawberry-ice ;  
But yet I always failed to please  
    The native blacks,  
    Who turned their backs  
And kicked me—which was hardly nice.

There ! if you like to sit ye down,  
I'd tell such tales  
    Of raging gales,  
And things to make your bosom bleed,  
But as you only answer with a frown,  
    And as my head  
    Feels hot as lead,  
I find I must refrain—I must, indeed !

## A SUDDEN SOUND.

FROM silence deep and distances unknown,  
 It rose and grew upon my listening ear ;  
 Strengthen'd and swell'd in compass and in tone,  
 Each moment ringing out more full and near ;  
 Inspiring, as it onward fled,  
 That vague, inexplicable dread  
 Wrought by such sudden sounds, that seem to mean  
 Some danger brooding like a thunder-cloud,  
 But still more dread, because unknown, unseen.  
 Hush ! now its height is reach'd—it grew less loud,  
 And sank and sank, and died and died away,  
 Until it hung upon its utmost bound,  
 The furthest limit of the hearing's sway,  
 The border-land of silence and of sound,  
 Where these and echo we alike confound.  
 'Tis thus with man—his progress and decay ;  
 He rises, whence we reck not, to fulfil  
 His course, grows, culminates, and dies away  
 To death's own silence ; memory may thrill  
 Brief echoes of his life to those that stay ;  
 These die ;—he passes like a tale that 's told  
 Or sudden sound across our hearing roll'd.

## A VISION OF TERROR.

“ From dreams, where Thought in Fancy’s maze runs mad,  
Once more I wake.”—YOUNG.

I had a dream, a most terrific dream ;  
Methought through London streets I took my way,  
An atom in that surging, living stream,  
Which flows its restless course by night and day ;  
But now a panic o’er the city spread,—  
Women and children shrieked and ran with fear,  
Men armed themselves, or, less courageous, fled,  
To any house or place of refuge near.

What meant that chorus of discordant sounds ?  
Too soon, alas ! the cause was plain to me—  
The inmates of the “ Zoo ” had broke their bounds,  
And every reptile, bird, and beast was free !  
They roamed the streets as unconstrained as thought.  
A lion raging through Trafalgar Square,

Growled at his effigies by Landseer wrought ;  
A pelican, giraffe, and Polar bear  
Paraded Bond Street, though they purchased nought  
At any of the shops abounding there.

An elephant had blocked up Temple Bar,  
A pack of wolves through Regent Street did march,  
In Pall Mall vultures waged intestine war,  
An eagle perched upon the Marble Arch,  
A serpent curled around each lamp-post high,  
And fiercely hissing, kept the crowd at bay ;  
St. Paul's was filled with hippopotami,  
Three camels in the Strand had lost their way.

A jaguar and a puma—rather bold—  
Walked into Mudie's, as in search of books,  
While crocodiles and caymans slowly stroll'd  
In quest of limpid lakes or purling brooks ;  
A crowd of zebras, antelopes, gazelles,  
An "armed rhinoceros," and buffalo,  
Ranged through the parks, alarming all the swells,  
And frightened every horse in Rotten Row.

The monkeys screamed and gibed in every place,  
The air was darkened with the parrot tribe,

In short, if I had twice the time and space,  
My words would fail the discord to describe ;  
Men fought with all the weapons they could get,  
And strove their rightful mastery to gain,  
By every means of strength and skill, and yet  
I grieve to say their efforts were in vain.

A dreadful alligator rushed at me,  
And seized my leg—'twas *bootless* to resist ;  
While three large serpents, still more fierce than he,  
Were twined around me—how the monsters hiss'd !  
What could I do ? I saw my fate was sealed,  
And so I sank, with one despairing scream,  
All prostrate to the earth in Lincoln's Field,  
Then woke—and jolly glad I was to find it all a DREAM !

## MY MADELINE.

*SERENADE IN M. FLAT.*

Sung by Major Marmaduke Muttonhead, to Mademoiselle Madeline Mendoza.



Y Madeline!—my Madeline!  
 Mark my melodious midnight  
 moans;  
 Much may my melting music  
 mean,  
 My modulated monotones.

My mandolin's mild minstrelsy,  
 My mental music magazine,  
 My mouth, my mind, my memory,  
 Must mingling murmur “Madeline.”

Muster 'mid midnight masquerades.  
 Mark Moorish maidens', matrons' mien,  
 'Mongst Murcia's most majestic maids,  
 Match me my matchless Madeline.

Mankind's malevolence may make  
Much melancholy musing mine;  
Many my motives may mistake,  
My modest merits much malign.

My Madeline's more mirthful mood  
Much mollifies my mind's machine ;  
My mournfulness's magnitude  
Melts—make me merry, Madeline !

Matchmaking ma's may machinate,  
Manceuvring misses me mis-ween ;  
Mere money may make many mate,  
MY magic motto 's—“ Madeline !”

Melt, most mellifluous melody,  
'Midst Murcia's misty mounts marine,  
Meet me 'mid moonlight; marry me,  
*Madonna mia!*—my Madeline.

THE LONG GONG SONG ; OR, THE PERSISTENT  
MINSTREL.

“ It haunts me still, though years have passed away,  
Like some wild melody.”—ROGERS.



HAT would’st thou ?” asked the child  
of rhyme,  
“ My native harp, and Erin’s lays,  
Or music of some distant clime ?”  
I, thoughtless, answered, “ Which ye  
*plaze.*”  
And so he sang a Tartar song,  
And struck the loud melodious gong.  
At first I rather liked the sound,  
‘Twas wild and new, and full of  
power,  
But human patience *has* a bound,  
He played three-quarters of an hour ;  
And then I cried—“ Break off your song,  
And silence that atrocious gong !”

But, no, the minstrel *wouldn't* cease,  
But made the discord worse and worse ;  
It dazed my brain, it wrecked my peace,  
'Till, when he'd reached the thousandth verse,  
I shriek'd—I swore (I own 'twas wrong),  
Then fled, and left that dreadful gong.

But ever since that luckless time,  
Some demon, seated in my ear,  
Rings night and day the horrid chime,  
And fills my soul with gloom and fear ;  
Days, months, and years may roll along,  
I still must hear that awful gong !

## BICYCULAR BLISS.

BY A VIGOROUS VELOCIPEDESTRIAN.

‘I go, I go; look how I go,  
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar’s bow.’—ROBIN GOODFELLOW.



NE autumn eve, when, sharp and  
chill,  
The wind blew like an icicle,  
I met, fast speeding o’er the  
hill,  
A youth upon a bicycle.

“How glorious thus to skim!”  
I cried.

“By Jove! I too will *try*-cycle;  
And when like him I’ve learnt to ride,  
Why, then, I’ll also *buy*-cycle.”

That very day I made a start,  
First practising the tricycle,  
Then soaring to that nobler art,  
The riding of the bicycle.

So well I liked my hired machine,  
That, having ask'd the price-ical,  
I bought it, and it since has been  
My own peculiar bicycle.

And now, at morn, and noon, and night,  
My life is paradisical ;  
I emulate the eagle's flight,  
When mounted on my bicycle.

Oh, all ye gay and festive youth,  
Remember my advicical,  
And haste to prove this precious truth—  
There's nothing like the bicycle !

## A FASCINATING MONSTER.

"I am a Villain!"—RICHARD III.  
 "Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree."—IBID.



In youth 'twas a source  
 of great content,  
 A regular treat of  
 treats,  
 To sit o'er the table  
 closely bent,  
 With paint, and paper  
 and paste be-  
 sprent,  
 To tinsel, and colour,  
 and ornament

## The Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

A terrible villain—his eyes were black,  
 And gleaming with fury's heats ;  
 His raven ringlets hung down at back,  
 He'd boots of the true Transpontine smack,  
 The weapons he wore would have fill'd a sack,  
 This Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

A forest of plumes from his castor sprung  
(Such crest the effect completes),  
A cluster of tails from his doublet hung,  
He'd buttons all parts of his dress among,  
He wasn't old and he wasn't young,  
That Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

His scabbard hung from a sash or chain,  
While the sword performed its feats ;  
His pistols "spotted" the foeman's brain,  
A broad black belt did his dirks sustain,  
With buckle as big as a window-pane,  
This Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

A harrowing villain—the blood runs cold  
When the tongue his crimes repeats ;  
He took the pay of the Baron bold,  
And lurked at night in the gloomy wold,  
To stab his enemies, young or old—  
That Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

A horrible villain !—no fiend more gloats  
O'er murders, assaults, and cheats,  
He thought no more of slithering throats,  
To get at a bag of gold or notes,

Than a donkey would think of munching oats—

    The Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

He lived in a cavern underground,

    Far out of the “peelers” beats,

Where often he passed the bottle round,

Till drench'd with liquor he snored profound,

To wake at the Captain's bugle sound—

    The Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

He never was met with occupied

    With home and its peaceful sweets,

But ever to murd'rous tasks applied,

Was stalking about with tremendous stride,

And flashing his weapons far and wide—

    That Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

A perfect monster of wickedness;

    And yet—for I scorn deceits—

A “sneaking kindness” I still confess,

For one who could, with such mark'd success,

Perform such feats—and in SUCH a dress—

    As the Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

For, oh! what joy to bedize each stuff

    With colours no rainbow beats,—

To blazon doublet, and sash, and puff,  
And paint his terrible buskins buff,  
And give him tinsel and fringe enough,  
For even the Ha'penny Sheets.

We lose the pleasure that once we took  
In infancy's strange conceits ;  
Yet when I see, in some shop-front nook,  
Those heroes, I feel, if my pride would brook,  
I'd enter, and say—"Please let me look  
At some of your Ha'penny Sheets."

And thought finds food—if it feels inclined—  
In those tinsell'd counterfeits ;  
Nor should we be to their moral blind,  
Dear reader, doesn't it strike your mind  
To wish that villainy were confined  
To villains on Ha'penny Sheets ?

But virtue always (at least in plays)  
Vice ultimately defeats ;  
The villain usually closed his days,  
Struck down in one of his cut-throat frays ;  
Or died in some arson-lighted blaze,  
Whose *flames* were in Winding-Sheets.

That good old type of the brigand clan,  
The playgoer seldom meets ;  
He's sunk to the "gaff" and caravan,  
Well, sorry I am he 's fill'd his span,  
I better could spare a better man  
Than the Villain of Ha'penny Sheets.

## THE ABBEY CHAPEL.

"Take then from me the pensive strain that flows,  
Congenial to this consecrated gloom."—MASON.



LOVE to stand beneath the moss-green'd wall  
Of that old chapel on the abbey ground,  
When all is calm, and on my senses fall

No garish sunlight, no disturbing sound,  
To break the harmony of thought profound;  
When skies are veil'd with grey and pensive cloud,  
And twittering notes of birds come sweet and low—  
More sweet to me than carols gay and loud—  
While, soften'd to a pleasing lullaby,  
The distant scraping of the gardener's hoe  
Breaks in with accidental harmony.

The castellated abbey through the trees,  
Rears its high top, so picturesque and grey;  
But the enthusiast regretful sees  
Its modern parts; some idols thus display  
Heads of pure gold, but spoilt by feet of clay.

The cypress shadows seem not sombre here,  
And speak of slumber rather than of death;  
No cluster'd monumental stones appear,  
To join in warning those who still have breath.  
One lonely tomb is seen—a hermitage,  
And not a town or city of the dead,  
'Twas rear'd to one, who in a bygone age  
Did deeds recorded, but no longer read;  
For there the emerald moss has grown, and fill'd  
The graven letters with a velvet pile;  
And Time's stern hand, in all destruction skill'd,  
Has smooth'd the chisel's inroads, long erewhile.

And not alone the cypress shades the place,  
The broad-leaved laurel, with its varnish'd sheen,  
The myrtle dense, the yew of stately grace,  
And many another pleasant evergreen  
Add beauty to the stillness of the scene;

While groups of bright but modest flow'rets dot  
The nooks and corners of this sacred spot.

Moved by surroundings to its mood so meet,  
My soul is charm'd, and taken captive wholly;  
Hence, vain delights!—there is no joy so sweet  
As that just tinged with tender melancholy;  
Better than all the wild and gaudy mirth,  
Wrung from the throng'd activities of earth,  
To me that calm enjoyment, kept and made  
For souls that long for solitude and shade,  
I'd barter summer days for autumn eves.

There is a voice that whispers thro' the leaves,  
The sturdy oak, the ivy robe that cleaves,  
The nodding yew—all join to weave the spell  
That bears my spirit back to other days,  
To hours and scenes of childhood—loved so well  
When Memory's brightening hand the veil doth raise,  
And in a fairer world awhile we dwell;  
'Tis ecstasy!—absorbing happiness!  
Such as all words are feeble to express,  
All human effort powerless to show,  
But which to feel—that only is to know.

How long it lasts Ireck not, but the mind  
Clings fondly to such bliss as it may find ;  
Yet all intenser joys are sadly brief,  
The slightest cause—the falling of a leaf,  
Filch'd by some zephyr from its parent bough—  
May break the spell ; such leaf disturbs it now—  
Gyrating, as it battles with the air,  
In many an orbit on its wild descent ;  
Striking the chapel roof, and resting there  
    A moment ; now, again on high 'tis hurl'd.  
And now the struggle's o'er, its strength is spent,  
With other dead things on the earth 'tis blent.  
How small a thing can turn the tide of thought  
When other, brighter lands it would have sought,  
    And ebb it back to this prosaic world !

## THE YOUNG GAZELLE.

*A MOORE-ISH TALE.*

"The antelope, whose feet shall bless,  
With their light sound thy loneliness."—**LIGHT OF THE HAREM,**



N early youth, as you may guess,  
I revell'd in poetic lore,  
And while my schoolmates  
studied less,  
I resolutely studied *Moore*.

Those touching lines from  
"Lalla Rookh,"—  
"Ah ! ever thus—" you  
know them well,

Such root within my bosom took,  
I wished *I* had a young gazelle.

Oh, yes ! a sweet, a sweet gazelle,  
"To charm me with its soft black eye,"  
So soft, so liquid, that a spell  
Seems in that gem-like orb to lie.

Years, childhood passed—youth fled away,  
My vain desire I'd learn'd to quell,  
Till came that most auspicious day,  
When *some one gave me a gazelle.*

With care, and trouble, and expense,  
'Twas brought from Afric's northern cape ;  
It seem'd of great intelligence,  
And, oh ! so beautiful in shape.

Its lustrous, liquid eye was bent  
With special lovingness on me;  
No gift that mortal could present  
More welcome to my heart could be.

I brought him food with fond caress,  
Built him a hut, snug, neat, and warm ;  
I called him Selim, to express  
The mark'd *s(e)lim-ness* of his form.

The little creature grew so tame,  
He “ learn'd to know (the neighbours) well ; ”  
And then the ladies, when they came,  
Oh ! how they “ nursed that dear gazelle.”

But, woe is me!—on earthly ground  
Some ill with every blessing dwells;  
And soon, to my dismay, I found  
That this applies to young gazelles.

When free allowed to roam indoors,  
The mischief that he did was great;  
The walls, the furniture, and floors  
He made in a terrific state.

He nibbled at the table-cloth,  
And trod the carpet into holes,  
And in his gambols, nothing loth,  
Kick'd over scuttles full of coals.

To view his image in the glass,  
He rear'd upon his hinder legs,  
And thus one morn I found, alas!  
Two porcelain vases smash'd like eggs.

Whatever did his fancy catch  
By way of food, he would not wait  
To be invited, but would snatch  
It from one's table, hand, or plate.

He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,  
And scared the goldfinch into fits ;  
He butted thro' my newest hat,  
And tore my manuscripts to bits.

'Twas strange, so light his hooflets weigh'd,  
His limbs as slender as a hare's,  
The noise my little Selim made  
In trotting up and down the stairs.

To tie him up I thought was wise,  
But loss of freedom gave him pain ;  
I could not stand those pleading eyes,  
And so I let him go again.

How sweet to see him skip and prance  
Upon the gravel or the lawn ;  
More light in step than fairies' dance,  
More graceful than an English fawn.

But then he spoilt the garden so,  
Trod down the beds, raked up the seeds,  
And ate the plants—nor did he show  
The least compunction for his deeds.

He trespass'd on the neighbours' ground,  
And broke two costly melon-frames,  
With other damages—a pound  
To pay, resulted from his games.

In short, the mischief was immense  
That from his gamesome pranks befell,  
And truly, in a double sense  
He proved a *very* “dear gazelle.”

At length I sighed—“Ah ! ever thus,  
Doth disappointment mock each hope ;  
But 'tis in vain to make a fuss,  
You 'll have to go, my antelope.”

The chance I wish'd for did occur,  
A lady, going to the East,  
Was willing, so I gave to her  
That little antelopian beast.

I said, “ This antler'd desert child,  
In Turkish palaces may roam,  
But he is much too free and wild,  
To keep in any English home.”

Yes ; tho' I gave him up with tears,  
Experience had broke the spell,  
And if I live a thousand years,  
I'll never have a young gazelle.

## THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT'S LAMENT.



MPRISON'D in this dungeon  
dark and drear,  
O, freedom ! thou to me art  
but a dream,  
A blissful dream, but one that  
cannot cheer  
With consolation's balm, or  
hope's bright beam,  
But mock my sorrows with the  
constant thought

Of thee. Alas ! we prize thee as we ought,  
Only when *thus* thy priceless worth is taught !

'Tis true my body is from fetters free,  
But, oh ! the shackles on this weary heart—  
The dread suspense, the dark uncertainty  
Whether 'twill be my doom from life to part,  
Or linger here, to feel the ceaseless smart  
Of grief and woe—the crushing weight of pain,  
Or (ah ! too joyous thought !) be freed again.

Would that my arms were bound, if in exchange,  
I had the power to reach yon casement high,  
And let my eyes, at least, have freedom's range,  
To view the verdant fields, the azure sky,  
The tuneful birds, so gladsome and so free,  
Sporting in golden sunlight on each tree ;  
But, ah ! that pleasure is denied to me !

Brief is the time that 's pass'd, since on the field  
Of battle fierce I led my chosen bands,  
Now to base, lawless foes perforce I yield ;  
My life, my liberty are in their hands.  
Better if on that field I'd join'd the slain,  
And on a bed of gore, but honour, lain,  
Than linger here in shame and doubled pain.

Be calm, my heart ; worse sorrows have been known  
Than in this prison thou art forced to bear.  
Souls that are stain'd with guilt, and those alone,  
Should feel the deepest anguish of despair ;  
The innocent have bulwarks against care,  
By seeking from on high their best relief ;  
Do this, my heart, and close the springs of grief !

## BOTANICAL RESEARCHES.

"A primrose by the river's brim,  
A *rhododendron* was to him."—WORDSWORTH (?).



HE poets deal so much in flowers,  
And speak so oft of summer hours,  
When Nature to perfection brings  
The beauties of her brightest things ;  
They show an insight so profound  
Into the glories of the ground,  
That if their works aright we'd view  
We ought to share their knowledge too ;  
And fully to enjoy the sweets  
Of Shakespeare, Chaucer, Moore, or Keats,  
It is essential one should know  
Something of all the flowers that grow.

If thus for mere appreciating,  
'Tis far more needful for creating ;  
A poet one can never be  
If ignorant of Botany.

Convinced of this, I must confess  
*My* knowledge could not well be less :  
I knew that the Virginian stock  
Was different from the hollyhock ;  
I knew the poppy's red of hue,  
And lilies white, and violets blue ;  
I knew he *must* be wrong who thinks  
That dahlias are the same as pinks,  
And just as wrong if he supposes  
Geraniums smell as sweet as roses ;  
I knew that flowers give food to bees,  
That cowslips do not grow on trees,  
That sunflowers in height excel  
The daisy and the pimpernel ;  
But in the mysteries of growth,  
*Et cetera*, if on my oath,  
I should confess to know no more  
Than lizards do of metaphor,

Than moles can know about the skies,  
Or fishes know of butterflies.  
Deeming such ignorance as this  
Was something very much amiss,  
I felt it would be well for me  
To buy a book on Botany.  
The first perusal made me feel  
A damp on my botanic zeal,  
For in the indices I saw  
Some names that filled my soul with awe ;  
Such Latin lame, and crabbèd Greek,  
As almost twists the tongue to speak,  
With terms of more familiar sound  
Whose meanings we must not confound.  
Thus, *Costa's* no orchestral chief,  
It means the mid-rib of a leaf;  
And *bacca*, though suggestive—very—  
Of smoking, merely means a berry;  
The *style* it would be very *rash* on  
Your part to think applies to fashion ;  
A *radicle* 'twere wrong to fix  
As aught to do with politics,  
It simply means a little root ;  
The *pistils* are not used to shoot,

Nor does the *stigma* e'er express  
One tittle of reproachfulness :  
From these examples you will see  
How strange a thing is Botany.

As yet bright knowledge scarce had dawned,  
And Botany before me yawned,  
A vast, impenetrable chasm,  
Filled with such things as Protoplasm,  
Germ, cell, and embryo, whence issue  
All kinds of membrane, vein, and tissue,  
Which, if uncheck'd, they do their duty,  
Give flowers life, and health, and beauty.  
One most important is Parénchyma,  
Which does, of course, include Ovénchyma,  
And, void of which, things foliaceous  
Are specified as *ramentaceous*.  
Great is the use of sap and fibre,  
Alburnum, cambium, and liber;  
Stems, you must know, constructed are  
Of bundles *fibro-vascular*;  
Leaves spring from stipules with crenelles,  
Seeds grow within organic cells ;  
And then there are *fasciculi*,  
And *corculum* and *nuclei*,

And Cotyledons—gracious me!  
What terms they use in Botany!

The further we advance, the more  
Occult become these words of lore;  
Yet 'tis consoling to reflect  
That in these realms, I may expect,  
Thousands of persons live and die  
As ignorant of them as I;  
So, fearlessly, I take the lists  
'Gainst all who are not botanists;  
For instance, Reader, canst thou tell  
A *phyllloid* from a *pedicle*?  
Explain the uses and the acts  
Of *phyllaries*, *peduncles*, *bracts*?  
Demonstrate how is *SILICOUSA*  
Distinguished from *SILICULOSA*;  
Canst tell a Tuber from a Corm?  
What means *infundibuliform*?  
When is a leaf called *multifid*?  
And then, what is an oophorid?  
And antherids of lycopods?  
Thou canst not tell, I'll take some odds—

*I* can, for I have looked to find,  
And pride already fills my mind  
That I'm superior to thee  
In many points of Botany.

List, Ignoramus, while I try  
Thy darkened mind to edify,  
By making statements, proved so well  
That they are incontestable.  
All net-veined leaves from tap-roots spring,  
Spathes are not sutures—no such thing;  
Corollas that are gamopétalous  
Have calyces all gamosépalous;  
Some apocarpi are utriculous,  
The many-sided ones, folliculous;  
Some ovules in their shape are globous,  
As in the *Tetragonolobus*;  
SESTERIA are stoloniferous,  
And SPHENOGYNIA are piliferous;  
MICHauxIA are melastomaceous;  
When gymnocarpians are drupaceous  
The pericarpium 's indihiscent;  
What s interesting, if *this* isn't?

What can more edifying be  
Than facts like these of Botany?

The pictures that adorn my book  
Have, some of them, a horrid look.  
I know that they are only meant  
The parts of flowers to represent;  
But they resemble more, by far,  
Cut portions of one's jugular,  
Dissected livers, kidneys, hearts,  
And other such internal parts.  
As we may hope (?) to see displayed  
When surgeons' sanctums we invade.  
In shapes, the portions of a flower  
Outvie the armoury in the Tower;  
Leaves, most of all, for some are like  
A spear, an arrow, or a spike,  
Or instruments of torture, such  
As held poor "traitors" in their clutch  
In those much-lauded "good old times,"  
When harmless acts oft passed for crimes;  
The very names I think to *you* will  
Seem jagged, tortuous, and cruel—  
*Anniculate* and *sagittate*,

*Dolabriform, lanceolate,*  
*Flabelliform and pectinate,*  
*Orbiculate and digitate;*  
But words like these, you know, must be  
In every book on Botany.

Pursuing now, with less of fear,  
My sweet botanical career,  
I learnt a hundred mysteries  
Of seeds, corollas, calyces;  
I learnt how pollen is conducted,  
And how ovaria are constructed,  
And solved full many a strange enigma  
Concerning stamen, style, and stigma;  
Full many a weary hour I spent  
O'er anther, disk, and filament;  
Next, added to the muster-roll  
*Carpel, and sheath, and petiole,*  
*Whorl, culm, corpuscle, vesicle,*  
*Umbel, spathella, follicle;*  
And (at the feat though you may laugh)  
I cut an ovary in half,  
To see what cells and seeds might lie  
In compass of a needle's eye;

But these *minutiae* do not hope  
To test without a microscope,  
For Botany 's, in every tittle,  
The science of the much-in-little ;  
Why, e'en a bottle-cork will hold  
More tiny holes than can be told—  
Twelve thousand millions to an inch,  
A fact to make the stoutest flinch,  
And, startled, cry, “ Can such things be ? ”  
Of course they can—in Botany.

To classify, we must progress  
Up to the greater from the less ;  
Some groups of plants well known to us  
Are Monocotyledonous,  
*Di*-cotyledonous the others ;  
The name *Adelphia*, meaning brothers,  
Is used of filaments connected  
In groups—let these be well inspected ;  
But at this stage the subject passes  
Into division of the classes.  
Of these, I started with MONANDRIA,  
And got as far as ICOSANDRIA,  
Proceeded on to SYNGENESIA,

To MONŒCIA, DIODESIA,  
To POLYGAMIA, DIDYNAMIA,  
And, last of all, to CRYPTOGAMIA.  
Of course I studied æstivation,  
Inflorescence, germination,  
And all the movements of venation ;  
Nor could I well neglect carpology,  
And soon I knew as much morphology  
As Mr. Darwin does zoology ;  
By this I felt, in some degree,  
An oracle in Botany.

Ye pupils of Botanic schools,  
Remember that, by strictest rules,  
Imperial Linnæus doth forbid,  
We use the terms our fathers did,  
Crude, rude, and English, plump and plain—  
Hold such-named plants in high disdain ;  
We rather should consider ours  
Botanic specimens than flowers,  
And give to each so grand a name  
Their nature scarce shall seem the same.  
The modest English snowdrop *can* thus  
Shine as the classical *Galanthus*,

The little speedwell, gentle *Reader*, is  
To be *Veronica chamædrys*,  
The scarlet poppy 's known to me as  
A Monogyne—*Papaver rhæas*,  
The holly, meet for Christmas wall,  
We *Ilex aquifolium* call ;  
In ivy that adorns the ground,  
*Glechoma hederacea*'s found ;  
Botanic grammar's laws require I  
Should wallflowers term *Cheiranthus cheiri* ;  
When you with groundsel feed canaries,  
Call it *Senecio vulgaris*.  
Remembering this, and all the rest  
Of what herein has been expressed,  
Dear Reader, you must now discern,  
That if this charming art you learn,  
You will become—or much I err—  
A poet and philosopher ;  
Nay, even hope in time to reach  
The giddy height from which I teach,  
And prove, in that exalted place,  
A benefactor to your race ;  
So take this good advice from me,  
Go thou and study Botany.

## THE KNIGHT'S RETURN.



**T**HIS SUMMER morning has just begun  
To own the sway of the kingly sun,  
Who, casting the courtier clouds aside  
That dare to stand in his path of pride,  
Sits smiling bright at the subject world,

At the foot of his splendid throne unfurl'd,  
Giving the top of each hill and tree  
A golden mark of his charity ;

While bands of minstrels among the boughs,  
Breathe to the morning their musical vows,  
And messenger breezes the perfumes are bearing,  
That flowers are yielding with bounty unsparing,  
And the dews on the sward into diamonds turning,  
Enriched by the sunbeams that on them are burning.

A knight upon a milk-white steed,  
Rides o'er the flower-bespangled mead,  
His coat of mail returns the blaze  
Of Phœbus's resplendent gaze ;  
Gay are the hues his equipments bear,  
And gayer the look that his features wear ;  
But gayest of all is the matin song  
He sings to himself as he rides along.

\* \* \* \* \*

With jingle of armour the court-yard rings,—  
'Tis filled with a merry train,—  
As swiftly the knight from his saddle springs  
As lightning flies o'er the main ;  
For the lady is there who has look'd so long  
From the watch-tower's utmost height,  
To catch the first glimpse of the homeward throng,  
That is led by her own true knight.

And now he is safe in the old, old place,  
Closely locked in her fond embrace.

O ! the rapture of the greeting  
Of two lovers parted long !  
Absence makes the joy of meeting—  
Links the chain of love more strong ;  
Every fear and sorrow over,  
Like the sun's emerging light,  
From a dark cloud's jealous cover,  
Are they to each other's sight.

The knight has laid his sword to rest,  
And cast aside his steely vest,  
To pass a time of bliss and peace,  
From war's alarms a sweet release ;  
Once more Love plies its tender wiles,  
He breathes its atmosphere of smiles,  
And feels how near our joys may go  
To form a heaven on earth below.

So leave him ; may the perils past  
Bind him to love and home more fast,

And when he issues forth again,  
On Battle's march of death and pain,  
O ! may it ever be his meed,  
The way through Victory's path to lead,—  
May Valour well sustain its honour'd toils,  
And Love and Glory be its richest spoils !

## BY THE GLAD SEA WAVES.

## AN IDYLL.

"O, gai!"—*French exclamation of delight.*



E stood on his head on the  
wild sea-shore,  
And joy was the cause of the  
act,  
For he felt as he never had felt  
before,  
Insanely glad, in fact.

And why? In that vessel that  
left the bay,

His mother-in-law had sail'd  
To a tropical country far away,  
Where tigers and snakes prevail'd.

And more than one of his creditors too—  
Those objects of constant dread—  
Had taken berths in that ship "Curlew,"  
Whose sails were so blithely spread.

Ah! *now* he might hope for a quiet life,  
Which he never had known as yet,  
'Tis true that he *still* possessed a wife,  
And was not *quite* out of debt.

But he watch'd the vessel, this singular chap,  
O'er the waves as she up'd and down'd,  
And he felt exactly like Louis Nap,  
When "the edifice was crown'd."

Till over the blue horizon's edge  
She disappear'd from view,  
Then up he leapt on a chalky ledge,  
And danced like a kangaroo.

And many and many a joysome lay  
He peal'd o'er the sunset sea;  
Till down with a "fizz" went the orb of day,  
And then he went home to tea.

## SOLITUDE.

There 's not in all the world a heart  
 That feels one throb of love for me ;  
 For I have ever dwelt apart  
 From all the paths of sympathy.

There 's not in all the world a face  
 That lights with joyful smiles at mine ;  
 For I am fated ne'er to trace  
 Of longed-for love the outward sign.

There never comes a human voice,  
 With any welcome in its tone,  
 To bid me for a time rejoice,  
 And briefly cease to be alone.

Alone, alone ! it is my fate ;  
 All others have from Friendship's sun  
*Some* beams to cheer their weary state,  
 With gladdening light—but I have none.

And must the spell endure, and make  
 My life a desert all the way ;  
 Or will there on my vision break  
 A fairer view—a brighter day ?

## DOING AS WE CAN.

*A CAN-DID CONFESSION.*

“L’homme propose,” etc.—FRENCH PROVERB.

Believe me, no falser assertion  
The ear of a mortal can strike,  
No statement so prone to perversion  
As this—“I shall do as I like.”  
Far better for truth and consistence,  
More fitting the nature of Man,  
The motto of human existence  
Should be—“We must do as we can.”

It is so in all things, though boldly  
We talk of the “will and the way,”  
If Fate on our efforts looks coldly,  
They ’ll fail, do whatever we may.

Whatever may be our condition  
Through all the extent of life's span,  
We're bound to this humble admission,  
"Poor mortals must do as they can."

Some men covet splendour and riches,  
But just as they realise these,  
Misfortune, with one of her hitches,  
May scatter their hopes to the breeze ;  
Before they were sanguine and scornful,  
Secure in the strength of their plan,  
But now, very humble and mournful,  
They sigh—"We must do as we can."

Some pine for distinction, and cherish  
Sweet dreams of a future of fame,  
Too often, alas ! but to perish  
Ere blossoms have sprung from their aim ;  
And even success, if they meet it,  
Oft acts independent of plan,  
And makes them confess, as they greet it,  
They *still* have to do as they can.

In short, beyond all computation,  
Are proofs that unerringly show  
That faith in mankind's calculation  
Is vain as the breezes that blow.  
If this meet with your kind approbation,  
I'm glad that my lay I began,  
If not, I have one consolation,  
I'm contented to do as I can.



*A PATHETIC PASTORAL.*

“Too bright and good  
For human nature’s daily food.”—WORDSWORTH.

Far in the windings of a greeny vale,  
Where tender lambkins gamboll’d on the mead,  
And little dicky-birds, with wagsome tail  
    Sang all the day—scarce leaving off to feed;  
A vale where murmuring brooklets purl’d along,  
And buttercups and daisies muster’d strong,

Sweet Emmelinda dwelt—O, dulcet maid !  
Fair as ten May-days, innocent as snow,  
With Nature's own simplicity array'd,  
All undebased by courtly pomp and show ;  
For in that vale, so primitive and green,  
“The latest fashions” never had been seen.

Her father's cot stood on the verdant soil,  
Hard by the stream—he was the miller's man,  
In toil and rest (particularly toil)  
The placid course of his existence ran ;  
His only care—nor had he far to seek—  
How best to spend his nine-and-six per week.

O happy, happy place!—no noisy trains  
Came there—no naughty papers to excite  
The simple minds of those ingenuous swains,  
Besides, but very few could read or write ;  
And in that village every soul alive  
Retired to rest at nine, and rose at five.

The boys and girls—or, rather, nymphs and swains—  
Were child-like and immaculately good ;  
They danced round maypoles, plaited daisy chains,  
And made romantic love in grove and wood.

Life was with them a series of tableaus,  
Less French and artificial than Watteau's.

Young Corydamon was the gentlest swain  
That ever handled crook or tootled pipe,  
Free from those heinous faults too oft that stain  
The daily lives of men of worldly type ;  
He talk'd no slang, to theatres ne'er went,  
Nor smoked, nor betted on "the next event."

Scarce need I say that Corydamon felt  
For Emmelinda the most rapturous love ;  
And at her feet he oft-times would have knelt,  
With all the fervour of a turtle dove  
(Though 'tis a faulty simile, I feel,  
For turtle doves are seldom known to kneel).

But both were very shy, and when they met,  
Save for the pinky blush that dyed each cheek,  
You might have deem'd them hardly lovers yet,  
For they would stand for hours and never speak ;  
Or only spoke a whisper scarce above,  
But never, *never*, NEVER talk'd of love !

Thus passed the peaceful time. Anon arrived  
A stranger in that rural wilderness,

Fresh come from where the city bees were hived,  
 A finish'd exquisite in mien and dress ;  
 His advent caused, of course, as much commotion  
 As would a tropic fish in Polar Ocean.



HE "chaffed" the swains, "pooh-pooh'd" the rustic games,  
 Quizzed at the blushing nymphs—  
 politely, though—  
 Smiled at the toilettes of the homely  
 dames,  
 And called the happy valley "awful"  
 slow;"  
 He talk'd of races, dramas, duns, and  
 debt,  
 And smoked a wicked, wicked cigarette !

Why did he choose the lowly miller's cot  
 To bide in, 'midst so many richer farms ?  
 What meant it if his tinder heart were not  
 Lit by a spark from Emmelinda's charms ?  
 Perchance she loved him too, for oft a match  
 Is burnt by flames itself has caused to catch.

Her swain beheld her with that alien youth,  
They seemed together always—'twas so strange !  
Just like old friends—ah ! who could miss the truth ?

Her heart had undergone a thorough change ;  
The fascinations of this sprightly hero  
Had caused her former love to sink to zero.

It must be so ; her manner had grown cold,  
Or so to Corydamon seemed to be ;  
But that meek shepherd grew not fierce and bold,  
Nor made his rival feel his jealousy ;  
He sought the lonely meadows, there to weep,  
And only told his sorrows to his sheep.

The verdurous fields, bespeckt with red and white,  
The murmuring streamlet with its flaggy shore,  
All fair things pall'd on Corydamon's sight,  
He felt he never could be happy more ;  
And so he laid him down beneath a willow,  
And used a little lambkin as his pillow.

That lambkin felt the pressure of his head,  
And gave an injured bleat—but one alone—  
For when he heard what Corydamon said,  
And saw his face, so sad, *so like his own*,

He merely ruffled up his velvet fleece,  
And let his gentle shepherd weep in peace.

## CORYDAMON'S LAMENT.

“ O, lovers, give ear to my pain,  
And have a compassionate sigh,  
For ne'er was unfortunate swain  
More utterly wretched than I;  
I loved, and I thought she loved back,  
But misery! sorrow! and woe!  
Ah me! and alas! and alack!  
She loves me no longer I know!  
O, willow, willow, willow,  
A lambkin is my pillow!

“ So meagre with grief have I grown,  
My frame's surely lost all its sap;  
And even my crook's dwindled down,  
I constantly fear it will snap;  
My pipe plays sad notes out of tune,  
Tears blot out the light of the day,  
And whether 'tis Christmas or June,  
My tortured mind scarcely can say!  
O, willow, willow, willow,  
A lambkin is my pillow!

“ False nymph! leave the home of thy youth,  
This vale of contentment and health,  
And barter devotion and truth,  
For baubles like fashion and wealth;

Go; wed thou this proud city beau,  
 Why, why should I weep for your sake?  
 And yet I can't help it, you know,  
 My heart into pieces will break!  
 O, willow, willow, willow,  
 A lambkin is my pillow!

“ Oh ! hang up my shepherd-y crook,  
 And put out my tootle-y pipe,  
 I'll pop off Existence's hook,  
 As fruit falls from branch over-ripe;  
 And when I have yielded my breath,  
 Let those who my remnants may find,  
 Proclaim as the cause of my death,  
 ‘ He found Emmelinda unkind.’  
 O, willow, willow, willow,  
 A lambkin is my pillow !”



No sooner had he sang these touching words,  
Than, there alone beneath the azure sky,  
In presence only of the sheep and birds,  
Young Corydamon did proceed to die ;  
He called his flock, said tearfully " Good day,"  
Turn'd up his eyes, and sigh'd his life away.

\* \* \* \* \*

The city beau was gone, the rustic maid  
(Who was indeed to Corydamon true),  
Her thoughts too much distracted while he stay'd,  
Prepared to face her humble life anew ;  
And knowing not how near did sorrow lurk,  
Went cheerfully about her daily work.

You ask me to explain her truth ; I will ;  
'Tis simply told :—the stranger was her brother,  
Who had been educate', and placed to fill  
A clerkship by an uncle of his mother :  
And in the course of time had prosper'd so,  
He'd grown a sharp and polished London beau.

Had hapless Corydamon only known !  
What grief were spared, what anguish nipt in bud,

And Emmelinda might have been his own ;  
But as it was, though copious as the Flood,  
The tears she shed lamenting, 'twas in vain,  
They could not float him back to life again.

But they could float her out, with Death to deal ;  
The news was brought her when at mid-day hour  
She was divesting onions of their peel,  
Grief added much to their hydraulic power ;  
She wept and peel'd, and peel'd and wept, until  
All that remained of her grew very ill.

And soon upon her dying bed she lay,  
Her weeping relatives were cluster'd round,  
But she was calm, comparatively gay,  
For now she hoped to meet him underground ;  
Ah ! had a word or two on either side  
Been spoke in time, then neither need have died.

“ Lay us,” she said, “ beneath one grassy tomb  
My Corydaman and poor little me,  
Let buttercups and daisies o'er us bloom,  
And let two shepherd-crooks be tastefully  
Placed one on each side, enwreath'd with fragrant may,  
Woodbine or myrtle—*something in that way.*”

And so she died ;—within one grave they lie,  
With flowers adorn'd—the traveller views it yet ;  
In cold March winds the mound is rather dry,  
And when it rains the grass gets very wet ;  
So pass'd they: O, that no one more had sinn'd  
Than Corydamon and his Emmelind' !

## THE MANIAC'S LAST.

Oh ! dye me green ; oh ! dye me green !  
 And put me in a soup tureen,  
 And never let me see again  
 The blood-besprinkled battle-plain.

Oh ! send me cats ! oh ! send me cats !  
 And let them all wear opera hats,  
 But never, never, let them go  
 To Coventry or Jericho.

Oh ! join the dance ! oh ! join the dance !  
 And jump from England into France,  
 But never let your fingers shrink  
 From frenzy-rolling pen and ink ;

And now I'll die,  
 Good-bye ! good-bye !  
 You 'll see me fly  
 Athwart the sky,  
 With flashing eye,  
 Good-bye !! Good-bye !!!

## THE TRIUMPH OF HARMONY.

"Music hath charms, &c."

Go, string for me the sounding harp,  
The classic lyre, go string,  
The peaceful pipe, of accent sharp,  
The shepherd's pandæans bring.

And bring me, too, the sweet guitar,  
The bird-like, warbling flute,  
The silvern bugle, echoing far,  
The soft and tender lute.

Tune up the magic violin,  
Prepare the deep trombone,  
The triangle, with timely din,  
The viol, of thunderous tone.

The sacred slow harmonium bring,  
The gentler pianette,  
The cymbals, with sonorous ring,  
The dulcet flageolet.

Nor be the voice of glory dumb,  
Of conquest and of strife,  
Bring forth the stirring trump and drum,  
The shrill and piercing fife.

Aye, bring them all, my soul with glee  
To music I'll devote ;  
Bring all—for all are one to me,  
I cannot play a note !

Ye Legende of Sir Gullyvere; or, of Corage.

A "DARKE CONCEITE," AFTER SPENSER.

Sir Gullyvere ye Lions twaine,  
Doth meete in contest toughe,  
A tygere and a snake alsoe,  
He soon hath foes y-nough.



Whenas ye knigte 'gan thread ye dismalle woode,  
Two fearfull Lyons quicke thereout did rush,  
With lashyng tailes and gleaming eyne they stood,  
And teeth right well y-formed his bones to crusshe ;  
But undisay'd, of Corage full and flush,

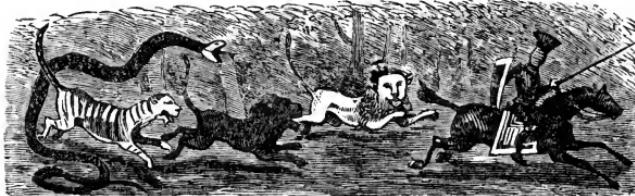
He drew his swerde, and dealt one mightie wownde,  
 Making ye gore spout forth in crymsonne gush,  
 Whereat both salvage beestès stood astound,  
 With rore that could be heard for twentie leagues around.

**E**ftsoones, to add to his so parlous pligte,  
 A dredfull Tyger, from ye other syde,  
 Rusht ragingly upon that gentle knighte,  
 Who, soon as this despightful foe he spyde,  
 Raised rampart-wise his shielde, so stoute and wide,  
 Whose steely bosses fierce ye Tygere bitte,  
 With greedie gulpe—one lodged in his insyde,  
 For 'gainst his own entent he swallow'd itt,  
 Then rolled he to ye grounde in indigestive fitte.

**A**h ! how unpiteous fate high Corage tryes !  
 Now ther appered, ye undergrasse among,  
 Meet to strike terrour to all mortalle eies,  
 A boa-constryct', of fourtie elles full long,  
 With poy'snous breth, fierce hiss, and forky tong,  
 Nath'lesse ye knighte his corage did not faile,  
 In gracefull kickes he plied his leggés strong,  
 And quasht with iron heele its loathsome tayle,  
 Ye while his other limbes his other foes assaile.

Once more ye brutes combynde in furie vilde,  
 To rend to shredds ye brave Sir Gullyvere,  
 And sadlie wolde have fared that gallant Childe,  
 But he, as full of nerve as void of feare,  
 Flasht his brighte sworde high, lowe, in front, in reare,  
 Which so astonied them they backwarde fli.  
 With soddayne jompe he then a path did cleare,  
 Reachéd his nobile steede, that stood a-nigh,  
 Lept into selle, and off like Wunnoklocke did hie.

Ye wrothfull creatures, spying his escape,  
 Made after him attonce with vengesome speede,  
 But all in vaine, for not in erthlie shape  
 Lived beest more swift than Spankadoure, his steede ;  
 Ere night, ye palais reacht, he tolde his deede  
 Untoe ye Queene, his roiall maistresse,  
 Who gave him for his valour rightfull meede,  
 While Fame was busie with his worthiness.  
 And may like corage alway meet with like successe !



## ODE ON OCEAN.

*OSSIANIC OUTBURST IN O NATURAL.*

BY ORPHEUS OGDEN, OF ORKNEY.



CEAN, oh, One omnipresent !  
our own !

O'er oozy outlets oft-times  
overflowing,  
Outbreathing odoriferous ozone,  
Ourselves ostensibly obedi-  
ence owing ;

Oh, often otherwise ! observe,  
o'erhead,

Opacity obnoxiously obscuring,  
Ocean on Ocean on our orb o'erspread,  
Omnipotent, o'erwhelmingly outpouring.

O, ospreys, otters, oysters opalline !  
Offspring of Ocean's odd organizations,  
Own OGDEN'S odic offsprings outshine  
OVID or OSSIAN'S obsolete orations !

## S P O O N I A N A.

“Love me little, love me long.”—ANTIQUÉ DITTY.

He saw her form reflected in a spoon,  
 Which made her blithe and beauteous visage spread  
 To breadth and roundness like the fullest moon,  
 Her figure dwarf’d till shorten’d by a head.

And then he turn’d the spoon, and saw her face  
 And form in “linkèd sweetness long drawn out,”  
 Like to a lamp-post in its slender grace,  
 Or hollyhock allow’d too high to sprout.

But what are changes to a lover’s eyes?  
 Howe’er distorted was the image shown,  
 If squat, or lanky, as in natural guise,  
 He still perceived his beautiful, his own !

And so he said, as down the spoon they placed,  
 “I’m like the party in that ancient song,  
 For dearest ! (here he clasp’d her slender waist)  
 I love thee *little*, and I love thee *long*.”

## NIGHT AND MORNING.



DAY is not always bright, nor  
 Night obscure,  
 In the seen world, or in the  
 viewless soul ;  
 One night—and not when stars  
 shone clear and pure,  
 But when dense clouds athwart  
 the skies did roll,  
 And pall-like darkness spread from pole to pole—  
 I lay me down, my heart all full of hope,  
 Replete with present and expected bliss,  
 Warm'd by an inner sun whose lucid scope  
 Show'd happiness in store, more great than this.

I thought, and thought, till on my wearied eyes  
The magic seal of sleep was firmly fix'd,  
And I was where the soul each darkness flies,  
The neutral line whereon two worlds are mix'd ;  
That region of dread shades and mysteries,  
Where, leaving for awhile Earth's bliss and pain,  
Men visit Death,—donning his outward guise,  
To do him homage in his own domain ;  
Wherfrom, however, they emerge alive,  
New strengthen'd in the worldly war to strive.

The morning came—the sun so warmly beam'd,  
His golden fingers touch'd my sleeping face,  
And woke me to a busy world that seem'd  
A paradise for every native race.  
All things were glad ; the birds, refresh'd with rest,  
Infused new vigour in their jocund lays,  
All hearts expanded 'neath the solar rays,  
All voices, mute or heard, one joy express'd,  
And Nature wore a universal smile.

And I, how fared it now ? Alas, the while !  
'Twas THEN my soul was sad ; not life nor light,  
Nor aught that soothed the ear, or charm'd the sight—

Bright hue, nor beauteous form, nor joyous sound—  
Could break the chain of gloom about it wound,  
Or melt, with force benign, its iron weight ;  
I stood amidst the gladness isolate,  
Impervious to the subtle influence  
That steals upon us through each outer sense.  
And thus, in opposition and despite  
Of potent Nature's beneficial sway,  
I carried Day into the darkest night,  
And brought back Night into the brightest day !

A MODERN CRICHTON;  
*AND FRIENDSHIP'S LAMENT FOR HIS LOSS.*

"I shall not look upon his like again."—HAMLET.



ND have I lost thee?—art  
 thou gone for ever?  
 If so, my future life I shall  
 abhor;  
 Can all the world produce  
 thine equal?—Never!  
 Who dares to stand as thy  
 competitor?

O, wise and good, and beautiful and clever,  
 Tom Dolamore!

Oho! what games in youth we've had together!  
Sometimes in thy balloon sky-high we'd soar;  
Thence empty several beds of every feather,  
Falling to earth with steady downward pour,  
And making people think 'twas snowy weather,

Tom Dolamore!

Sometimes a zebra from the "Zoo" we'd borrow,  
And mount him—I behind, and thou before;  
Then all night long, and far into the morrow,  
Through London streets at maddest pace we tore;  
Thou wert my only antidote to sorrow,

Tom Dolamore!

Sometimes, attired as water-sprites or mermen,  
We two would swim from Chelsea to the Nore;  
Sometimes we'd rove as minstrels—Black or German—  
Or go as missionaries 'midst the poor;  
And thou couldst preach a most impressive sermon,

Tom Dolamore!

What friend like thee could charm our social hours  
When sparkled ruby wine of olden store?  
How all enjoyed thy bright convivial powers!  
Thy jokes would "set the table in a roar;"  
Thy sparks of wisdom flew about in showers,

Tom Dolamore!

How often, to our rapture and diversion,  
Thou told'st of wondrous feats performed of yore:  
Such as how thou, without the least exertion,  
Didst kill a lion, tiger, or wild boar;  
These told in Swedish, Cherokee, or Persian,

Tom Dolamore!

Then thou couldst paint on canvas, silk, and satin,  
Designs the harshest critic would adore;  
Turn washing bills at sight to choicest Latin,  
Spout Greek for hours; yet all thy tomes of lore  
Lay in one room, too small to swing a cat in,

Tom Dolamore!

Thy poetry—take Shakespeare at his primest,  
Add Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Moore,  
And Milton, when his subject is sublimest,  
With Edgar Poe, lamenting “Lost Lenore”—  
All these would fail to match thee when thou rhymest,

Tom Dolamore !

In music—classical or operatic—  
No such performer e'er was known before ;  
Thy singing turned the very air ecstatic,  
And made the madden'd hearers shout “Encore !”  
Praises of thee were endless and emphatic,

Tom Dolamore !

Thou trod'st the stage as stately as a Kemble,  
Yet shone in comedy ; the dullest boor  
Scream'd at thy humour, at thy rage did tremble ;  
Thou hadst no peer, though all that ever wore  
The sock and buskin could at once assemble,

\* Tom Dolamore !

And then thy warlike deeds, what nonsense talking  
Of Cæsar, or the Cid Campéador !

There are no heroes dead, no live ones walking,  
But, did they dare to meet thee in the war,  
Would soon find Victory *thy* name up-chalking,

Tom Dolamore !

Thy field sports, too !—why, in a dozen cases  
Three hundred runs at cricket thou didst score ;  
And then at stag-hunts, meets, and steeple-chases,  
Thou and thy steed were ever to the fore,  
Jumping the most impracticable places,

Tom Dolamore !

In shooting rabbits, birds, or other *game* things,  
Thou at one shot couldst bring down three or four ;  
Oxford and Cambridge both were beat like *lame* things,  
When on the river *thou* didst ply the oar ;  
And in all pastimes thou couldst do the *same* things,

Tom Dolamore !

Oft have I seen thee, with unerring rifle,  
Out-do the members of thy gallant corps;  
A thousand yards to thee were but a trifle,  
Prize cups upon thee did in cartloads pour.  
Yet thou thy comrades' jealousy couldst stifle,

Tom Dolamore !

Scarce have I told a tithe of thy perfections,  
And thou art gone!—my heart is full and sore,  
My spirit crushed with sorrowful reflections,  
The happy portion of my life is o'er,  
And nought will now remain but recollections,

Tom Dolamore !

I mourn, but in my grief I am not single;  
I find a hundred females round thy door,  
Distraught with woe—their tears and shrieks commingle;  
A sight to pierce one's bosom to the core.  
Thy name re-echoed makes the welkin tingle,

“Tom Dolamore !!!”

Yes, I have lost thee, O, thou more than Crichton ;  
I watch thy vessel fading from the shore,  
Here, standing on the gloomy cliffs at Brighton,  
With streaming eyes I weep, I howl, I roar,  
Oh ! how I envy those who next may light on

Tom Dolamore !



## THE LOVELESS BARD.

AN ANACREONTIC SENTIMENT REVERSED.

*(Vide Ode XXII.)*

TRY to tune the lyric string  
 To such soft lays as lovers sing ;  
 To speak in rapturous delight  
 Of ruby lips and tresses bright,  
 Of roseate flushes, zephyr sighs,  
 And the mild beams of love-lit  
 eyes,  
 Of fragrant kisses, witching forms,  
 Whose every move the spirit  
 warms ;  
 Of heart's pulsations sweetly set  
 To one harmonious duet ;  
 Of *têtes-à-têtes* in twilight hours,  
 And *billets-doux* expressed by flowers,  
 Of Chloe, Daphne, Lesbia, all  
 Those dames whom classic thoughts recall.

Alas ! in vain—my wayward lyre  
Would yield to strains of martial fire,—  
Would sing of Cæsar, Bonaparte,  
And other masters of the art  
Of conquest—fighting o'er again,  
In song, each hero's best campaign ;  
Or in sublimer strains rehearse  
The wonders of the universe ;  
The rise and fall of mighty states,  
The mystic workings of the Fates ;  
Or muse on human woes and joys,  
From Age's dreams to Childhood's toys ;  
Or treat of things in sight that be,  
Birds, beasts, and fishes, land and sea,  
The earth below, the heavens above ;  
In short, of anything but Love !

Ah, me ! I deem it sorely hard  
Upon a most well-meaning bard,  
To be excluded from the choir  
That sings the joys of soft desire,  
That theme which never old appears,  
Tho' used for many thousand years.

Oft have I called on Venus' name,  
To Cupid's aid laid piteous claim,  
In vain ! alas !—the tyrant boy  
Will mock my plaint, my hopes destroy ;  
Love's goddess from my prayers will turn,  
While some divinity more stern,  
Pallas, or Mars, will rise and say  
“ To love thou may'st not tune thy lay !”

Farewell, then, ye delicious themes,  
Tho' ye may occupy my dreams,  
And make my waking hours more sweet,  
I ne'er am fated to repeat  
Your promptings on my loveless lyre,  
It must be warm'd by other fire ;  
So, welcome, iron-fronted War,  
Since thee I best am fitted for,  
Be mine the warrior's soul to thrill  
With longings to arise and kill,  
By Mars inspired, I'll sing thy praises,  
In songs of blood and sighs of blazes !

## THE WILD WARRIOR.

*A LAY OF MARTIAL ARDOUR.*

## I.



H ! let me like a slaughter'd  
soldier fall,  
In death's convulsive fits ;  
I hunger for the shell or  
cannon-ball,  
To blow me into bits !  
I thirst for glory, fame ; a  
million lives  
I'd take without remorse,  
And lucky's every foeman

that survives—

My bleeding corse.

## II.

Wounds ? I should think I had ! at least a score,  
But what care I ?  
I may get fifty or a hundred more  
Before I die :

The body's hurts reach not the valiant mind ;  
    Make way, ye slaves !  
All that oppose my path shall quickly find  
    Dishonourable graves.

## III.

*Another* horse shot under me—that 's ten,  
    In one brief hour !  
Don't be dismay'd at that, my gallant men,  
    I never cower ;  
Quick ! mount the wall ; the ladder is red hot,  
    The Hope 's Forlorn,  
But you may just as well be kill'd as not,  
    Now that you *have* been born.

## IV.

There go an arm, and portion of my leg,  
    O, true-aim'd shot !  
'Twas rude, but no apology, I beg—  
    It is my lot.  
Hurrah ! our banner on the conquer'd heights  
    Its breadth uncoils ;  
Now, soldiers, hasten to the wild delights  
    Of well-earn'd spoils.

## V.

O, what ecstatic bliss 'tis thus to stand  
'Midst blood and flames !  
All for the glory of our Fatherland,  
And our own names.  
There goes my head at last ; how weak is man ! —  
My life is lost ;  
But knowing that I fell in Victory's van  
Is worth the cost !

## A MORNING SKETCH.

"And this is England, bathed in morning's glow."—MONTGOMERY.



SUMMER morning on the wood-  
land road :

Here is a little cottage, rising  
dun  
With red-tiled roof, above its  
snow-white pales,  
An ivy baldric's slung across  
its breast,

Sturdy it stands as forester of old,  
Bent on his sylvan sport in woods like this ;  
But 'tis a peaceful home ; and, mounting guard,  
Four stately poplars are its sentinels,  
Each more attenuate than the next, the last  
But a mere ragged staff of fluttering green.

All that hath surface for it glistens bright,  
Catching some richness from the wealthy sun,  
The very gnats that sport upon the air  
Show up like dancing jewels, fill the view  
With living specks of light ; upon the wires,  
The black-tarred wires that hold the farmer's fence,  
The spider's web is fixed, and this has caught  
Some drops of falling dew ; these, in the glow,  
Assume the aspect of a string of pearls,  
Swung by a fairy hand—the gentle breeze.

The surface of the pond is sombre-bright,  
Like to black armour, for it lies in shade.  
Its time for splendour is not now, but when  
The enriching sun goes down, bequeathing it  
A legacy of light ; upon its face  
The lily ducks, disporting at their will,  
Disturb the current with their widening rings.  
Elsewhere, the gentle ripples ebb and flow,  
And meet and play, and vanish in each other,  
And ever change, and yet are still the same,  
Blending in geometric harmony.

The mighty trees whose shadows check the road  
With moving patterns on a dusty ground,  
Are endless in variety of shape ;  
Some straight and haughty stand, as princes proud,  
Wrapping their <sup>\*</sup>green robes scornfully around them ;  
Some are mere cripples of deformity,  
With gnarled and tortured limbs and ragged garb;  
And some so battered with the storms of life,  
And worn by Time, they are but wrecks, yet each,  
Age, ugliness, decay, and death itself,  
Some phase of grand or beautiful displays.

The stately ox, advancing from the depths  
Of emerald meadow, fringed with dark-green wood  
(Effective background to his sunlit form),  
Wends slowly down the pathway to the pond,  
And quaffs its grateful waters ; white is he,  
And when at rest seems form'd of alabaster,  
Or might be marble, wrought with sculptured skill  
So great as to inform with all but life.  
The butterflies are out, and three flit near,  
One richly-hued, one tawny-brown, one white

As winter snow-flake ; sweetly they contrast,  
As, on their giddy and desultory flight,  
In partnership they flit from joy to joy,  
Intoxicate with all, an emblem true  
Of Man's unheeding youth, while follow close,  
Or more remote, as high or low they fly,  
Their shadows, light and wayward as themselves.

## POWER WITHOUT ENERGY.



HE sluggish soul is in the lion's state,  
 When, gorged and wearied in his darksome den,  
 He lets the chain of Sleep, with clogging weight,  
 Link round his frame—no lion is he then,  
 But a mere heap of matter—so remains

Till Hunger's lust for blood again revives,  
 Quickens his limbs, and all his vigour strains  
 To crush the tenements of gentler lives ;  
 So lies that dormant soul—a lion's strength,  
 The weakness of a corpse ;—the smother'd spark  
*Might* burst from bondage into light at length,  
 Soar high, and flash o'er earth its beacon mark ;  
 But smoulders on instead, and ne'er will warm  
 To stronger flame than little sickly spires,  
 That leap awhile to view, then die, and form  
 Faint symptoms of the mightier inward fires.

Ye Clerke of ye Wethere.

A Chaucerian Fragment

A Clerke ther was, a puissant wight was hee,  
 Who of ye Wethere hadde ye maisterie;  
 Alway it was his mirthe and his solace  
 To put eche seson's wethere out of place.

Whanne that Aprille shoures wer our desyre,  
 He gaf us Julye sonnes as hote as fyre;  
 But sith ye summere togges we donned agayne,  
 Elssoons ye wethere chaunged to colde and rayne.

Who was that pilgrimme who fared forth a-foote,  
 Without ane gyngham that him list uppe-putte;  
 And gif no mackyntosches eke hadde hee,  
 A parlous state that wight befelle—pardie!

We wist net gif it nerte ben colde or hotte,  
 Cogswounds! ye barde a grawsome colde hath gotte!  
 Certes, that Clerke 's ane mightie man withalle,  
 Let non don him offence, lest ille befalle.

## FUROR POETICUS; OR, THE BARD SURCHARGED.



H ! I am bursting with poetic fire,  
 A raging Etna flames within my  
 breast,  
 And I must write at once, or shall  
 expire,  
 Crush'd by the weight of thought  
 upon me press'd !

A thousand Shakespeares melted into  
 one,

A million Homers to a drop distill'd,  
 A billion Byrons focuss'd to a sun,  
 Would not outshine the soul wherewith I'm fill'd !

My poet's eye in finest frenzy rolls,  
 To highest heaven, then down to lowest earth,  
 Sweeps the Equator, reaches to the Poles,  
 And in a glance sums up Creation's worth

My spirit pierces all things through and through ;  
I'm link'd to Nature with so close a bond,  
She, sympathising, shares in all I do,  
Laughs when I smile, and weeps when I despond !

Give me the heavens' expansion for my scroll,  
The boundless ocean for my pot of ink,  
My rhythmic raptures shall exhaust the whole,  
And then will scarce express one half I think !

Stand back, ye common mortals ! be not rash !  
I am inspired—surcharged—with danger fraught,  
Poetic lightnings from my eyeballs flash,  
One glance of mine might shrivel ye to nought.

O, heaven ! O, earth ! the stars, the sun, the sky !  
O, fire and water ! time and boundless space !  
O, universe ! O, firmament on high !  
O, angels ! demons ! O, ye human race !  
I'll stretch my longing arms to draw you nigh,  
And clasp ye all in one wide, wild embrace !

## AN EVENING VISION.

“the whole might seem  
The scenery of a fairy dream.”—SCOTT.



HE infant wind, just waked  
from slumbers light,  
Moves through the leafage  
with so faint a stir,  
'Tis all but stillness both to ear  
and sight,  
As thus, with Thought and  
Nature to confer,

'Neath the elm-portico I pause awhile  
Of this tree-cluster's lofty-column'd pile,  
Whose upper tenants are the skyey race,  
Whilst earthlier Man finds shelter in the base.

'Eastward the coming night may mount the skies,  
Darkening their slaty hue with every stride ;  
I mark it not, but westward keep mine eyes,  
Fast on the sumptuous couch of regal pride,

Whereon the sun, replete and worn with glory,  
And toil of spreading empire far and wide,  
Sinks like some warrior-king renowned in story,  
Leaving a milder sway his realms to guide,  
And give that peace his restless rule denied.

Yon lonely pool is crimson'd with the tints  
Caught from the clouds that look upon the sun,  
Ripples as light and changeful as the prints  
Of fairy feet, athwart its surface run ;  
I love the place, and at this silent hour  
It is most beautiful ; my present mood  
Invites the gentle, though resistless, power  
Of Nature's loveliness in solitude.

Insensibly, unwittingly—for joy  
That comes unsought-for hath the less alloy,  
I let Imagination's hand undo  
The ties that bind me to my earthly cares.  
Dimmer to actual beauties grows my view,  
But all it meets a higher beauty wears.  
There are no clouds above, but isles of light,  
With hills and dales, and palaces and towers,  
Where summer lives, and day is always bright,  
Night ne'er descends, and tempest never lowers.

The pool still rolls before me, but its tide  
Is changed into a vast and radiant sea,  
Superbly with the solar glories dyed,  
To the horizon spreading wide and free ;  
With light is life, for o'er its waters now  
A band of tiny elfins dance and flit,  
Bright, butterfly-winged things, and all avow  
The sway of her who in their midst doth sit,  
Enthroned in golden galley, with its sail  
Of gossamer ;—not Cleopatra's self  
More beauty could have shown—yet on a scale  
Proportioned to the mimic land of Elf.

What more than music in that song of theirs !  
The ear, the soul, are prisoners to its spell ;  
Howe'er divine, all merely mortal airs  
Are harsh in contrast, take the stringèd shell,  
Æolian harp, and nightingale, and sigh  
From gentlest wind through brightest garden blowing,  
And blend them in one rapturous melody,  
Still such enchantment passes your bestowing.  
Oh, I am spell-bound, I could gaze for ever,  
And listen thus to all eternity !

But there are powers can mock at Man's endeavour,  
I am of earth, and it is not to be ;  
There seems between that lovely scene and me,  
Sudden to fall a thick and sombre veil,  
Shutting out sight and sound, and elf and fay,  
The music dwindles to a plaintive wail,  
And the bright vision vanishes away ;  
For those sun-clouds, whose magic caused it all,  
Have fled with him who was the cause of *them*,  
As courtiers oft will share their monarch's fall,  
Or leaves will follow blossoms from the stem.

Now black-brow'd night its nearer presence hints,  
And all that into indistinctness fades,  
Proclaims the temporary death of tints,  
And transient victory of the despot shades ;  
Soon will the interregnum end, and fast  
The Queen of Night be fixed upon her throne :  
Ah, well ! such visions are too bright to last,  
But while it stay'd 'twas sweet, and all my own !

## A VAGUE STORY.

Perchance it was her eyes of blue,  
Her cheeks that might the rose have shamed,  
Her figure in proportion true  
To all the rules by artists framed,  
Perhaps it was her mental worth  
That made her lover love her so,  
Perhaps her name, or wealth, or birth,  
I cannot tell—I do not know.

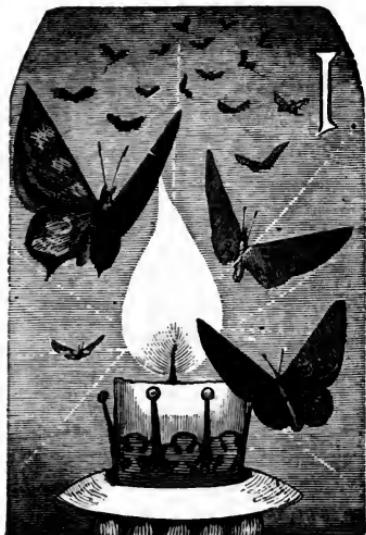
He may have had a rival, who  
Did fiercely gage him to a duel,  
And being luckier of the two,  
Defeated him with triumph cruel ;  
Then *she* may have proved false, and turned  
To welcome to her arms his foe,  
Left *him* despairing, conquer'd, spurned,  
I cannot tell—I do not know.

So oft such woes will counteract  
The thousand ecstasies of love,  
That you may fix on base of fact  
The story hinted at above,  
But all on earth so doubtful is,  
Man *knows* so little here below,  
That if you ask for proof of this  
I cannot tell—I do not know.



## THE SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

“ O ! Cospetto !  
 Maledetto !  
 Non dormir', ma star' in letto !”  
 From “ *Maldimenti* ”—a Tragedy.



T is a solenn thing, with  
 wakeful eyes,  
 Vigil to keep while all the  
 world is sleeping,  
 And in that state the  
 question will arise  
 Whether a vigil is a thing  
*worth keeping.*

Three causes—Tooth-  
 ache, Indigestion, Care,  
 There are to sleeplessness  
 that most conduce,

And on the helpless lids a traction bear,  
 Which makes their closing not the slightest use.

Toothache—worst cause of all—that makes one's bed  
Like to a torture-wheel, whereon the wretch  
In vain for solace turns his weary head,  
His agony is ever on the stretch.

And Indigestion gives a fever'd mouth—  
A chest as though thereon some “Claimant” sat,  
Which cause you, as you toss from north to south,  
To wish you had not supp'd—at least on *that*.

While Care—whate'er its cause, and whether great  
Or such as in day's hopefulness seem'd light,—  
Is doubled in intensity and weight,  
By the oppressive stillness of the night.

How slowly the church clock doles out the hours,  
Quarters, and halves!—as if it grudged to pay  
E'en just demands; while, with diminish'd powers,  
Old laggard Time retards the welcome day.

And then, what sounds 'gainst slumber will combine!  
Precocious cocks in darkness greet the morn,  
Dogs bay the moon—although it may not shine,  
And cats!—you wish they never had been born.

'Twere vain to try the hackney'd recipe  
Of counting millions—though 'tis fair to try it,  
When sleep's in such demand, so dear 'twill be,  
BIDDER could not bid high enough to buy it.

Do all you can, woo slumber as a maid,  
Threaten, cajole, or cozen her, but still  
If once determined to withhold her aid,  
She's truly feminine in strength of will.

Yes, sad it is to lie awake all night,  
When mind and eye alike should calmly close,  
So grant me, Somnus, to avoid this plight,  
A twenty-dormouse-power of sound repose.

## P A R Á N A.

POEM IN P. SHARP.

(Perpetrated by Prince Paul Popschikoff, Polish Poet.)



ROUD Phœbus 'pon Parána plays  
 Prismatic, plants purvey perfumes ;  
 Prim peacocks proffer pealing praise,  
 Poll-parrots prattle, prinking  
 plumes ;  
 Pink pouter-pigeons plaintive pæans  
 pipe,  
 Pure Poesie's primæval prototype.

'Pon Pernambuco's palmy plain,  
 Past Paraguay—past proud Peru,  
 Producing peace—precluding pain,  
 Parána's purling paths pursue  
 Pellucid progress ; pampas penetrating,  
 Prolific provinces perambulating.

Parána ; placid paradise !  
 Poor pilgrim, pause, partake, procure  
 Peace, passing princely power's price ;  
 Pleasure, perennial, perfect, pure !

## THE UNPRINTED ONE : A WAIL OF TEARS.



ALL men have woes, afflictions dire  
 Will torture every heart,  
 But those who hopelessly aspire  
 Feel sorrow's deepest smart ;  
 Say, wouldst thou know why life to me  
 Assumes no rosy tint ?  
 These fearful words will answer thee—  
 I can't get into print !

I've written stanzas, cantos, reams,  
In every rhyme and style,  
From grand, sublime, Miltonic themes,  
To slang and humour vile ;  
The teeming coinage of my brain  
Has proved it quite a mint  
Of golden thoughts ; but all in vain—  
I can't get into print !

I've written pamphlets, thick and thin,  
On topics of the age,  
And—ah ! how oft !—have sought to win  
My way upon the stage ;  
Plays, farces, operas, tragedies,  
Without a bound or stint,  
But each, forlorn, neglected lies,  
Nor acted, nor in print.

I've written "three vol." novels, too,  
The true Braddonian kind,  
Or milder ones, in which you'd view  
"Word-painting" most refined ;

But, ah ! the tyrants of the Press  
Shrug down my slightest hint,  
When I unfold my deep distress,  
And still I'm not in print !

Well, cease regrets !—no more I'll strive  
For fame through printers' ink ;  
My hopes, so long sustain'd alive,  
Must now for ever sink ;  
And when I lie beneath the stone,  
Let skilful chisel dint  
For epitaph, these words alone—  
“ He never was in print.”

## A REFLECTION.

(THERMOMETER 80° FAHRENHEIT.)

THE heat that has, this summer time,  
Such melting moments made—  
(But, there!—how *can* a fellow rhyme,  
With eighty in the shade?)

Ye gods! it makes the bard desire  
That he in ice be laid;  
Far, far too much poetic fire  
Is eighty in the shade.

Shut out the sunlight's scorching smile,  
Call in the Punkah's aid,  
Here will I lie, and stir not, while  
'Tis eighty in the shade.

A clime so torrid has begun  
Our island to invade,  
Not worse than England in the sun  
Is HAYTI in the shade!

## A BLIGHTED LIFE.

"—always in the gloomy cell  
Of life-consuming sorrow dwell."— LANGHORNE.

To live alone in soul and life, to know  
No touch of love, no sympathetic glow,  
No careless, social hours, no golden gleams  
From Hope's bright kingdom of delicious dreams ;  
To think and think, and ever circle back,  
Fix'd in one dark, confined, and cheerless track  
Upon whose bounds no gladness can encroach,  
A changeless atmosphere of self-reproach ;  
To yield no bud of joy but on it lies  
Some worm, however small, that never dies ;  
To view man's pleasures with diversive pain,  
Ranging from envy's height to deep disdain,  
The world relinquishing, ere knowing aught  
Thereof by knowledge practically bought,

And warp'd in spirit so, as most to mark  
The words of those who paint it wholly dark,—  
Such is my lot, and such 'twill ever be,  
For 'tis too late for change to come to me ;  
Sear'd to the core, all grief is here comprised,  
And sorrow in my heart seems crystallized ;  
'Tis like a prison, on whose cheerless walls  
The vivifying sunlight never falls,  
Save by some fitful gleam, so weak and thin,  
The gloom absorbs it ere it enters in.

Yet I *had* thoughts 'twas pleasure to express,  
And capabilities of happiness,  
And usefulness, and good and lofty aims,  
Concurrent with the world and all it claims ;  
I had—nor deem'd such feeling could depart—  
The welfare of the human race at heart ;  
All these have fled—they vanish'd with life's morn,  
By darker influences overborne.  
'Tis maddening now to view that fairy scene,  
The phantom prospect of what *might* have been,  
To mark the flowers that others' paths bedeck,  
Then see my own—a desert strewn with wreck !

Bitter my words, yet none to wound they seek—  
In sorrow, not in anger, do I speak ;  
Let those in happier ways of life that move,  
Show charity, and pause ere they reprove,  
Pity the soul that in such darkness gropes,  
And mourns despairing o'er its shatter'd hopes,  
Remembering that had fate ordain'd it so,  
They also must have lived in sunless woe.

O ! that some power, as potent as benign,  
Would lift me where a purer light doth shine,  
A clearer air prevail—far, far beyond  
The perils of this slough of deep despond,  
Dispel the shade that clouds my being o'er,  
And hush the voice that bids me hope no more !  
I fear it may not be, that to such bane  
No balm nor antidote does earth contain ;  
Ah ! hopeless as recalling life once fled,  
The resurrection of a heart that's dead !

## NURSERY NONSENSE.

(AFTER THE APPROVED FASHION.)



HERE was an old consul in  
China,  
The name of whose daughter  
was Dinah ;  
Said she, “ It’s a shame  
I own such a name,  
I ought to be called Wilhel-  
myna ! ”

There was an old waiter at  
Wapping  
Drew corks for a week with-  
out stopping ;

Cried he, “ It’s too bad ! —  
The practice I’ve had !  
Yet cannot prevent them from popping ! ”

There was a young prince of Bombay,  
Who always would have his own way;  
    He pamper'd his horses  
    On five or six courses,  
    Himself eating nothing but hay.

There was an old priest of Peru,  
Who dreamt he converted a Jew;  
    He woke in the night  
    In a deuce of a fright,  
    And found it was perfectly true.

There was an old sexton in Rome,  
Who climbed up St. Peters's dome;  
    When safe at the top  
    He cried, "Here I'll stop;  
    By Jingo! I'll never go home!"

There was a young man who was bitten  
By twenty-two cats and a kitten;  
    Sighed he, "It is clear  
    My finish is near,  
    No matter; I'll die like a Briton!"

There was a princess of Bengal,  
Whose mouth was exceedingly small ;  
Said she, " It would be  
More easy for me  
To do without eating at all!"

There was an old witch of Malacca,  
Who smoked such atrocious *tobacca*,  
When tigers came near  
They trembled with fear,  
And didn't attempt to *attacca*.

There was an old stupid who wrote  
The verses above that we quote ;  
His want of all sense  
Was something immense,  
Which made him a person of note.

## A PHONETIC PROTEST.

"Yes, 'tis a spell."—OLD SONG.



O! WHI shood bardz—a sorring raice,  
 Bee bound bi authograffik rools?  
 Kan trammelz bee az mutch in plaiss  
 Wyth menn ov jenyus as wyth  
 phoolz ?

Oh, whi shood thoze, hooz skil inn wurdz  
 Duth moov the hart, and tsharm the mynde,  
 Hoo longue too warbl phree az burdz  
 In spellyngz chaynz thair pinyonz bynde ?

Itt iz nott thatt I kannot spel  
 Kwite orthodockslie hwen I chooz,  
 Ile undertaik too ryte az wel  
 Az enny mann thatt waux in shooz ;

But Ime det-erminn'd too unlynke  
 The bondz that gaul mi fyerie sole,  
 And soarr lyke eegul, nair too synk  
 Untyl I reech mi hiest gole.

Whenn yung and in-oscent I lernte  
 Spellyng soe mutch I opften cride,  
 And wisht aul MAYVOR'S boocs ware birnt,  
 VIZE'S and KARPENTIR'S besyde.

Ho, swete revenj !—ha ! Myster Kane,  
 Yu offt chastyde and kawld mee dunse,  
 'Tis nhow *mi* tirn phor gyvvyng payn,  
 Reed thiss—yule havv a phitt at wunce.

Aul skoolz, awl tee chirz I defi,  
 Thayre vewz and myne dyd nevver talli,  
 And bohldlie poot the kweschun—“hwi  
 Kahnt peepul spel fonettikalli ?”

Whi, hwy, I asc, sutch vallew sett  
 On pewrli arbbitrari phormz ?  
 And tremb'l whenn sum martinette  
 In lernedd fewry strutz and stormz ?

It wozzn't soh in erlyer daze,  
 Whenn Chawsir tooc wurdz az thay kaime,  
 And hwen thair wair a duzz'n waize  
 Ov spellyng eevun Shaixpeer's nayme.

Besighdz, varyetie hath charm,  
 And thauts, lyke menn, shood chainge thair dres,  
 Noh libbertey trew menn kan harme,  
 But ohnli tierantz wil distresse.

Thenn raze the standdard ov revohlte,  
 Yee ard'nt voht'rir ov the mewze,  
 And leev eech unenlyten'd dohlte  
 Stil gruvv'ling 'neeth grammattik screwze.

O-wiff yu nu the sweete delyte  
 The mo-stunnutterabl joi,  
 In sutcha stile az thiss too ryte,  
 Yewr spellyngboox yu-dawl destroi !

Butt iff *yuh* stil alleejance giv  
 To DOKTOR JONS'N az bephor,  
 I, knever hwhyle on erth I lyv,  
 Wil spel korektli enny moar !

## A BLANK PAGE.

I'd fill with fancies bright as gold  
Some paper sheets to-night,  
Ere linen ones my form enfold,  
But what am I to write?

Here burns the famous "midnight oil,"  
There pens and paper lie,  
And ink enough a ream <sup>to</sup> spoil,  
Now, Muse, to do or die!

Still no result ; I only chase  
The thing that won't be caught,  
Ideas often run a race  
Along the course of thought.

And tho' we spur the sluggish brain,  
It shuns the rhythmic groove,  
Unless our thoughts are in a train  
Upon no line they 'll move.

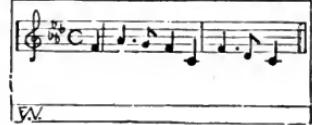
Well, with such odds 'tis vain to cope,  
My couch I'll seek—and find,  
To-morrow, fervently I hope,  
The Muse will be more kind.

## THE PRIMA DONNA'S DREAM.

“ Oh, for the voice ! ” \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \* \* \* \*

“ Hence inextinguishable thirst of gain.”—YOUNG.



THE Opera finish'd, the curtain down,  
 Away went the Queen of Song,  
 Her carriage drove to her house in town,  
 The crowd ran after with cheer and shout,  
 Nay, offer'd to take the horses out,  
 And draw her in state along,  
 For her triumph that night had e'en surpass'd  
 The laurels she'd won before,

From roof to basement the house was mass'd,  
 Applause like thunder had proved her powers,  
 The stage was covered with votive flowers,  
 And Echo still rang “ Encore ! ”

Anon she enter'd her sumptuous room,  
Where luxury had no bound,  
Furniture costly, and sweet perfume,  
And hangings splendid, and tapers bright,  
That charm'd the senses, and dazed the sight,  
Were plentiful all around.

Awhile she sat at the stately glass,  
To judge of the damage wrought  
By heat, excitement, and toil, and gas ;  
But no, that beauty, unchanged and proud,  
Might still beam confident on the crowd,  
As yet it had suffer'd nought.

She thought of her lowly Italian home,  
Far off where the vine is rife,  
Where a simple child she was wont to roam,  
Long ere she knew that her precious gift  
Was fated her humble self to lift  
To the highest walks of life.

And then she thought of her present state  
Of riches and pride and fame ;  
The pet and idol of small and great,  
Donning each night some queenly robe,  
And spreading each year throughout the globe  
The spell of her magic name.



'Twas passing sweet, as she mused alone,  
Her triumphs and gains to count ;  
All now bow'd down to her lyric throne,

And only to-day she had made a choice  
Of a future market to vend her voice  
For a fabulous amount.

And soon on its pillow of down reposed  
That lovely and well-known head,  
Those lips, with their treasures of song, were closed,  
Those favourite eyes had quench'd their beams,  
She'd started away to the land of dreams,  
In a vehicle called a bed.

Sleep :—'tis the interval 'twixt the acts  
Of life's long varied play,  
Yet dreams are a world of deeds and facts,  
Reflecting life in its mirror'd light,  
As if we acted again at night  
The pieces perform'd by day.

And thus once more in her lyric realm,  
The Opera-Queen's enthroned,  
Once more enthusiasts overwhelm  
Their darling with flowers, and wealth, and praise,  
And clouds of exquisite incense raise.  
*Whose* sway is more fully own'd ?

The tenors—so prone with love to glow,  
    Around at her court she sees ;  
Edgardo, Gennaro, and Manrico,  
And the rest of the operatic race,  
Baritones noble, and villains *base*,  
And prominent there is the demon face  
    Of Mephistopheles.

Her feminine rivals, too, were there,  
    And eyed her with eyes of hate,  
And all were gifted, and some were fair.  
Alas ! that envy their charms should mar,  
That Jealousy's discord-notes should jar  
    The harmony of their state !

The gentle Lucia, the sweet Amina,  
    The simple Alice appear,  
Fair Margharita, and arch Zerlina,  
Poor doubly-fragile Violette,  
With many another together met,  
    And each has her cavalier.

They warbled solos, and sweet duets,  
In many a well-known scene,  
And recitatives, and canzonets.  
They dwelt on the tender theme "*Amor*,"  
And oft repeated the words "*Mio cor*,"  
The Orchestra play'd between.

Incongruous things in dreams are mix'd,  
And so it befell with them,  
All reason and unity came unfix'd,  
Lucrezia flirted with Don Giovanni,  
La Traviata espoused Ernani,  
Faust to Norma preferr'd his suit,  
Whilst Figaro play'd on the "Magic Flute,"  
And sang "*La ci darem?*"

And next they join in a mazy dance,  
While Verdi inspires the air,  
Then all—save one—to the throne advance,  
And greet the *Diva* on bended knees,  
A chorus of subjects of all degrees  
Her sovereignty declare.

Till vanish'd all but Mephisto grim,  
Who stood in a burst of flame,  
For a terrible change had come to him,  
A fiendish light did his form illume,  
From his peak'd boots to his capon plume,  
But his grin was still the same.

“Daughter of fashion and art,” he cried,  
“These puppets have had their sport,  
Their homage hath soothed thy queenly pride,  
Their warbling notes had a pleasing ring,  
Now list awhile to the song *I* sing—  
'Twill be of a different sort.

“By Goëthe, my master ! it sickens me  
To hear upon every side  
The adulation bestow'd on thee ;—  
To see the payment—the wreaths—the gems—  
The laurel and floral diadems,  
So squanderingly supplied !

“ And all for what ?—for a few sweet sounds,  
And a form that’s fair to view,  
Should *these* be guerdon’d beyond all bounds ?  
Go to !—for what will thy notes avail,  
Compared with those of the Nightingale ?—  
And she sings for nothing, too.

“ The book that is written, if good, will last  
Till centuries by have roll’d,  
The painter’s triumphs their spell shall cast,  
Delighting the souls of old and young,  
For ages to come,—but a song once sung  
Is gone like a tale that’s told.

“ And yet the poet and sage may toil,  
The painter work hand and brain,  
The student consume the midnight oil,  
Till the bloom of their lives has pass’d away,  
And not one tithe shall their work repay  
Of thy readily-gotten gain.

“ Some fairy, surely, must patronize  
The child of the vocal South,  
Such magic might in her talent lies ;  
A golden brain and a golden heart,  
Will go for nothing in Fashion's mart  
Compared with a golden mouth !

“ Let lesser musical artists keep  
Their prices in modest bounds,—  
Such harvests are not for *them* to reap,—  
But you, who all other ‘ stars ’ eclipse,  
Can never open your cherry lips,  
For less than two hundred pounds !

“ O, pride ! O, greed !—ye are foster'd and fed  
In this world of human wrong !  
The more deserving may want for bread,  
While Dives lolls on his silken couch,  
And flings his heaviest money-pouch  
To those who can sing a song !

“ It ill-becomes me to recommend  
Deeds reckon’d by men as good ;  
But wealth on the stricken and poor to spend—  
To give with a hand as generous  
As that which others have used to us—  
As virtues are understood.

“ Have *you* done this ?—methinks, with shame,  
Perforce you must answer, ‘No !’  
For years you have fed on gold and fame,  
And Charity’s calls would scarce obey,  
But kept uncheck’d on your selfish way,  
Though ruin might follow to those that pay,  
And managers bankrupt go.

“ Then think of thy worshippers, goddess cruel,  
Melodious Juggernaut !  
How dearly they purchase each mouth-born jewel,  
Which gives delight for a moment felt,  
And then, like Fairyland’s gifts, will melt  
As sudden and swift as thought !

“ Yet fools, like moths, to thy flame will fly,  
Yea, even in thousands swarm—  
On benefit-nights, in fierce July,  
To give thee a ‘bumper’—to let thee sweep  
Fresh treasures into thy pockets deep—  
For hours in a stifling heat they’ll keep;  
*My* dwelling is scarce more warm.

“ The critics, and all of that scribbling ilk  
To-morrow their skill will show,  
With pens well dipp’d in honey and milk,  
And drag such platitudes from the shelf,  
As how the *artiste* ‘surpassed herself,’  
And ‘praise can no further go.’

“ And thou, while others to thee bow down,  
To Mammon in turn dost bow;  
By him I am sent thy life to crown,  
For since of riches thou art so fond,  
I’ll try the charm of this slender wand,  
And let thee have gold enow.”

He waved his whisk with a mutter'd spell  
 As sorcery's code enjoins,  
 Lo! sudden as from the skies there fell,  
 As if turned on at some aureate main,  
 In glittering dazzle of radiant rain,  
 A shower of golden coins!



Gold of all nations, from every state  
 And continent far and near ;  
 Newly-minted, and full in weight,  
 Or old and worn—all clashing and ringing  
 With music as sweet as the Donna's singing—  
 At least to a miser's ear.

And everything else to gold seemed turn'd,  
Or bathed in its dazzling shine ;  
The sky like a sheet of metal burn'd,  
No other hue could her eyes behold  
Than the sickening yellow of horrid gold,  
Like a never-ending 'mine.

No hand of hers did the metal clutch,  
She hated its jaundiced ray,  
She shudder'd beneath its death-cold touch,—  
“ Dread fiend ! O spare me, for pity's sake,  
Or torture me anywisc else, but take  
This horrible gold away ! ”

“ Ho ! ho ! is it thus thy tune doth change ? ”  
The demon his teeth did gnash ;  
“ Such words from *thy* lips indeed are strange,  
The sum that's fallen is not so great,  
'Tis a twelvemonth's pay at the opera rate,  
Paid down in the hardest cash ! ”

“ No more ! no more !”—but he did not hear,  
Or, hearing, he would not heed,  
His wand—more deadly than barbèd spear—  
He flourish’d again with a dreadful laugh,  
“ Why, here’s not lucre enough by half  
To serve for our urgent need !”

Faster and faster the gleaming shower  
Descended in wealth untold ;  
With force it struck her, she had no power  
To ward it off, she was losing breath,  
In sooth, ’twas a terrible form of death,  
To be smother’d in heaps of gold !

No aid—no shelter—and no retreat  
From the fierce metallic pour.  
That delicate frame was bruised and beat,  
Never was maid in so sad a hap,  
Since Jupiter fell into Danae’s lap,  
In the classic days of yore.

At length in the throes of death she gave  
One last despairing scream,  
Ere sinking crush'd in her golden grave,  
A violent effort she made to rise,  
And half succeeded, and open'd her eyes,  
And found she had dreamt a Dream !

Yes, yes ;—though throbbing and dazed in brain,  
And damp'd with horror and fear,  
The shadows that caused her chiefest pain  
Had fled :—no demon nor gold was there,  
But the room lay dim in the lamp's pale flare,  
And the dawn of day was near.

O ! blest first beam of the morning light,  
Glad life thou dost restore !  
Killer of Dreamland's forms of fright,  
Ghost and nightmare, and evil elf :—  
The lady arose, again herself,  
But her former self no more.

For her voice was gone from that fatal hour,  
So sudden and so complete  
Was the wreck of its gold-producing power,  
That now no notes from her lips were worth  
To any manager on the earth  
The price of a single seat !

'Twas bitter, 'twas sad, for her fairy gift  
Departed, what else remain'd ?  
Now back to obscurity she must drift,  
A wretched waif of a bygone age,  
While others strove on the lyric stage  
To reign as SHE had reign'd.

At first the force of her crushing grief  
By nothing could be controll'd,  
But Time could teach, with its slow relief,  
That life may cheerfully pass along,  
Untinged by the golden light of song,  
Or the drossy shade of gold.

Now changed and humbled, and much concern'd  
    Past negligence to repair,  
To Charity's channels her wealth she turn'd,  
And sweeter than praise from the public tongue,  
The music of Gratitude since has rung  
From old, sick, helpless, and orphan young,  
    Whose good is her constant care.

She saw, in her voiceless days, there pass'd  
    A change o'er the patron-mind,\*  
No more were gems to the singers cast,  
To swell rewards already immense,  
But Justice had leagued with Common Sense,  
    Some level of Right to find.

And need Art suffer?—does Music's spell  
    Less sweet and less potent seem,  
When paid for “wisely, but *not* too well?”  
No!—still, as of old, it charms the ear,

\* In prophetic allusion to a “good time coming”

And though much cheaper, is still as dear,  
But ye who mourn o'er the retrospect,  
Singer or hearer, I pray reflect  
On the Prima Donna's Dream !





14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED  
**LOAN DEPT.**

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.  
Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

10 Apr '61 GP

RECD LD

APR 8 1961

LD 21A-50m-12, '60  
(B6221s10)476B

General Library  
University of California  
Berkeley

YC160338

